

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:
OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

CONTAINING THE
**Literature, History, Politics, Arts,
MANNERS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE AGE.**

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

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MDCCXCVI.

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE
O R
MONTLY
To the PUBLIC.

☞ THE engagement of Mr. HARRIS, as editor of this publication, closing with the present number, the Proprietors, with the greatest reluctance, are obliged to dis-
pense with that gentleman's assistance, as he declines a
renewal of his contract; they have, therefore, deter-
mined to *suspend the publication of the Massachusetts
Magazine, until a new editor can be procured.* How far
the exertions of the publishers have tended to render
this work deserving public patronage, its subscribers
may form an opinion; if, however, the proprietors
have not realized a common share of *pecuniary* emolu-
ment, or arrested a more than common degree of pub-
lic attention, they are not deprived the pleasure of as-
serting, that, they have continued this Magazine to its
EIGHTH volume, which is a much longer period of
existence, than any similar publication, in America,
has ever arrived at.

SERIOUS.

- ☞ THE Proprietors are under the immediate necessity of
discharging several very heavy demands, directly con-
nected with the Magazine—they earnestly solicit a
discharge of their outstanding debts, particularly from
their country subscribers.
- ☞ Postmasters, who have received more Magazines than
for which they had subscribers, are requested to return
their duplicates, and discharge their accounts as early
as possible.

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Printed by ALEXANDER MARTIN



T H E
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE,

For JUNE, 1796.

Communication.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE GENERAL OBSERVER.—No. 52.

THE roughness of the soil in the Northern States of America, is almost the first thing which attracts the observation of intelligent European travellers; the inferior state of our cultivation is, perhaps, the next. But it is probable our improvements in agriculture are as great as could be expected, considering the disadvantages under which we have labored;—as great as any other nation ever made in the space of time, provided their winters have been equally long and severe, their territory in a state of nature, and equally rough, woody, and infested by murderous savages. Where land is plenty and cheap, and any one who pleases, may, for a small sum of money, purchase a farm of his own, laborers will be scarce, and labor dear. But without hands to labor, besides the farmer's own, agricultural improvements will be

small, and make but slow advances. So that the backward state of our husbandry must be imputed to other causes besides ignorance, indolence, or an undeviating, unthinking tread in the unskillful tract of our forefathers. These causes, it must be owned, have heretofore operated, and they still, in too many instances, continue to operate, to the discredit and the disadvantage of our farmers. But, as the inhabitants of this country are highly enterprising, as well as industrious; and the improvements they, in a short time, have made, in agriculture as well as in manufactures, are very great, it is hoped that injudicious unskillful, and slovenly husbandry will gradually and totally be done away. The scarcity and dearth of labor is a great drawback upon the profits of the farmer, and a necessary obstacle in the way of improvements. Young men are the

main

main springs of agriculture. Too many of them, thinking to live easier than by the labor of their hands, crowd into the professions, or allured by the rich profits of trade, multiply their stores in every village. This country, too, emulating the exertions and enterprizes of more populous and wealthy countries, employs a great number of laborers in the great works of building bridges, clearing rivers, and opening canals, but the greatest cause of the fewness of agricultural laborers, is the vast extent of our uncultivated lands at the westward, northward, and eastward. So long as our young men, for a small sum of money, can purchase a large farm, they will not let themselves to the husbandman, for any longer time than is necessary to procure that sum. The former therefore, for the want of hands to drain and bog his meadows, to clear and cultivate his uplands, to dig out the stones and lay them into walls, to collect and prepare manure, and then to transport and spread it on his fields, can do little more from year to year, than to get off the respective crops, without advancing the value of his lands. To the same cause is owing, in part, that growth and increase of weeds, which so greatly disfigure our farms, injure our crops, offend the taste of European observers, and excite their wonder at our negligence. The old countries are overstocked with inhabitants; and laborers are plenty there, in proportion to their lands. In new countries, lands are plenty, and laborers are few. The farms, in the old countries, have been long under cultivation. In the new countries, the clearing, fencing, and subduing of the land, and getting it into a

state of easy, neat and profitable cultivation, requires the labor and industry of many hands for several generations. Farms, too, in the old countries, are generally owned by rich men, who have leisure to employ their ingenuity, their learning and observations, in plans for agricultural improvements, and money to carry their plans into effect. Whereas, in the Newengland states, almost every man has a little farm of his own, which he is obliged to manage with his own hands. In the old countries, farmers may easily and cheaply procure men, women and children enough, to weed their fields, and to keep them as clean as we keep our gardens: but here, the farmer can scarcely get help enough to plow, to sow, to reap, and to gather the produce into his barns; having little or no time to spare for preventing and avoiding improper mixtures.

Every thing respecting man is progressive, and, from small beginnings, advances step by step to valuable profit, and agreeable refinement and beauty. Small profits must precede larger; and refinement and perfection are not attained, but by a succession of operations, and are the result of a series of improvements. In the settlement of new countries, and the subduing and cultivating of new farms, *necessaries* claim the attention in the first place; and *conveniencies* are before *elegancies*. When our farmers in this country, by a long course of industry and labor, shall have advanced their lands to such a state of richness and high cultivation, as to raise, with cheapness and ease, a plenty of the necessaries of life; and have improved their breed of cattle, sheep and horses, they may then not only turn their attention and labor to the eradicating of every
spurious

spurious growth upon their farms; but carry their taste to such refinement, as to sort and class all their grasses, both for hay and grazing; and not suffer their milch cows to eat any mixtures, either in summer or winter; but cause them to be fed on one kind of grass only, and that the richest and most delicate.

The following quotation from Young's Travels, in some degree illustrative of this essay, affords hints also, that may be useful, even to our farmers, though, compared with those in England, he would call them "little farmers."

"England has made a much greater progress in agriculture, than any other country in Europe; and great farms have absolutely done the whole; inasmuch that we have not a capital improvement that is ever found on a small one. We have in England brought to perfection the management of inclosing, marling, claying, and every species of manuring. We have made great advances in irrigation; we have carried the breeding of cattle and sheep to a greater perfection than any country in the world ever yet experienced. We have in our best managed districts

banished fallows; and what is the great glory of our island, the best husbandry is found on our poorest soils, where is the little farmer to be found, who will cover his whole farm with marl, at the rate of 100 or 150 tons per acre; who will drain all his land at the expense of two or three pounds an acre; who will pay a heavy price for manure of towns, and convey it thirty miles by land carriage; who will float his meadows at the expense of 5l. per acre; who, to improve the breed of his sheep, will give a thousand guineas for the use of a single ram for a single season; who will give 25 guineas per cow for being covered by a fine bull; who will send across the kingdom for new implements, and for men to use them; who employs and pays men for residing in provinces, where practices are found which they want to introduce on their farms. At the very mention of such exertions, common in England, what mind can be so perversely framed as to imagine for a single moment, that such things are to be affected by little farmers?

THE GREEN ASS.

A CERTAIN widow, though pretty much advanced in life had a mind to marry again. As her fortune was very large, she thought herself entitled to a young husband; and accordingly fixed her eyes upon a handsome youth, who had nothing but his personal recommendations to depend upon.

She plainly perceived that there would be no difficulty on his part, but she dreaded the censure and ridicule of her neighbors. In this perplexity she communicated her wishes and alarms to a maiden sister, who lived in her house, and who possessed an uncommon share of shrewdness and address for all such

such occasions. "Sister," says the amorous widow, "what think you of Leander! it is surely the picture of my late husband. Alas! I never should have yielded my heart but to his irresistible resemblance. What shall I do? for I am in a dreadful consternation about what my neighbors may say of me, being well acquainted with their malice and cruelty:—the purest love is not sheltered from their ill-natured ridicule. Were it not for that, this dear young man should—but—" "How absurd is all this, my dear sister, replied the other. "Follow your inclinations, and don't tell me of such foolish fears. You will be sung, hooted, hallowed after, and chalked up, for eight days; on the ninth, they will think no more of you than one thinks of a friend one has quitted for three months. That Afs which you see yonder, shall, if you please, impose silence on the whole parish about you the morning after your nuptials." "That Afs!" "Yes, that Afs. Marry, I say, and leave the rest to me and my Afs." The widow was easily persuaded, and the marriage was concluded on the credit

of the Afs. Dreadful outcry in the parish—rough music before their doors—not a soft thing could be heard from the mouth of either party for the noise of kettles and frying-pans. In the mean time, the sister had painted the Afs as green as a parrot; and out rushed the phenomenon, with a triumphant bray, into the midst of the crowd. In an instant every kettle and pan was mute, and every soul in the parish crowded round so strange a prodigy. "A green Afs! Good heavens, who could have believed it! Well, wonders will never cease. How surprising is nature in all her operations!" "I dreamed," cries an old woman, "of this very Afs a week ago. I am sure it betokeneth something bad to our town. A number of white mice appeared in the same manner just before the plague that happened in my youth." Such observations and exclamations as these took place of the clamour about the new married couple. The green Afs lasted its eight days, and then there was no more curiosity about the green Afs than there had been about the new married couple the moment the Afs appeared.

AN E C D O T E.

WHEN Alexander was in Asia, a sudden and extraordinary tempest of cold, so benumbed many about him that they swooned away by the violence thereof. Among the rest he found a Macedonian soldier almost perished; he commanded him to be carried into the tent, and set by the fire, in his own royal chair, which,

with the addition of a cordial, presently recovered the dying soldier to life again; who observing in what manner he was seated, started up in a fright, and with the rhetoric he was master of, apologized to the king for his presumption; but Alexander with an obliging aspect, replied, "Thou canst not be ignorant, my soldier, that I

that you Macedonians enjoy a greater freedom under your king, than the servile Persians do under theirs. To any one of these subjects it had been present death to have sat in the king's chair; but tell you it is new life, as it was intended, and has succeeded: and may'st thou live long to deserve and enjoy it."

MARRIAGE RITES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

IN POLAND.

THE ladies in this country are remarkable for their modesty, which is looked upon as an effect of that liberty their husbands indulge them in; it being a common observation, that in those countries where they are under the strictest confinement, they seldom fail to violate the marriage bed as often as they meet with an opportunity.

But they pay the husband a respect that is not known amongst us: for when they want any thing of him, they ask it kneeling, embrace his knees, and call him their benefactor.

Their weddings last about three days, and on the second, all the guests make presents to the bride, which is the best part of her portion.

Among the inferior people, the maids seldom marry till twenty-four or thirty years of age, and before they have spun a good quantity of cloth, which at the wedding is distributed among the bridegroom's friends.

These virgins are also obliged to serve their mothers in all domestic affairs for some time before they marry, as the sons do their fathers, in their proper business; and it is said, they make a much stricter enquiry into the character of their mistresses, than into their fortunes.

IN SWEDEN,

the parents, without consulting their children, match them as they think fit, and wealth is chiefly considered in the affair: the poor girls have not so much as an opportunity of being courted and admired, or the lover the pleasure of communicating his flame; however their weddings are exceeding pompous and magnificent, inasmuch, that the excess of that day sometimes so involves them in debt, as they do not easily extricate themselves. The wives being all submission, it is said there very seldom happen any domestic jars, and consequently but few divorces. It seems, cousin Germans are not permitted to marry without the king's licence.

IN DENMARK.

IT is sometimes three or four years between the espousals, & the solemnization of the marriage here; and during that time they admit of all familiarities. If the marriage be but celebrated before the wife is brought to bed, all is well; and so in Holland where half a dozen, or half a score come to solemnize their nuptials together, who have lived as man and wife, from the time of their espousals.

IN SWEDISH LIVONIA,

their ceremonies of marriage are peculiar

peculiar to themselves; when a peasant marries a maid of another town, he makes her ride behind him, and before him rides a bag-piper, and two of his friends with naked swords, who give two strokes across the door of the bridegroom's house, and strike one of the swords into a beam over the bridegroom's head to prevent charms. For the same reason, the bride scatters many pieces of red stuff on the high ways, and on the graves of unbaptized children. The bride sits at table with a veil over her face, and when the guests are seated, the bridegroom and she rise and go to bed and return in two hours, and the feast is concluded with dancing and drinking, till they all drop down upon the floor.

IN LAPLAND,

the young men court those women whose parents or friends can give them most rein-deer, and generally bribe her relations for their consent: when he comes first, he stands at the door, and must not come in till her father allows him. If the father agrees, and afterwards breaks his promise of giving him his daughter, the lover recovers all his expenses and gifts. When the bride goes to church, she is dragged along by her relations, pretending the greatest reluctance to matrimony. The bridegroom must serve his father-in-law a year before he can take away his wife and her patrimony of rein-deer; when all the friends give presents to the new married couple.

IN ANCIENT GERMANY.

Tacitus says, that these were almost the only barbarians who contented themselves with one wife apiece, except a few who had more

and those they had rather as a mark of nobility, than any thing else.

He also observes that amongst some of them, virgins were only allowed to marry, and that no woman married a second time. They reckoned it base to lye with a woman till they were twenty years of age; and this abstinence, it is said, contributed to the strength and stature of themselves and their children.

Cluverius says the same was observed in his time, and that young men generally lived unmarried till above twenty. It was not their custom for women to bring portions, but on the contrary, the husbands gave portions or gifts to their wives, which were approved by their parents and kindred that were present at making the match; and those gifts were not accommodated to please the women's vanity; being cattle, horses with furniture, bucklers, swords, and spears; and on the other hand, the women gave something of arms to their husbands. These were the pledges of their mutual faith.

IN ARMENIA,

Bishops and monks are not allowed to marry, but they admit no secular priest unless married; yet if his wife die he must not marry again. Lay people are allowed to marry twice, but they abominate third marriages. A widow must marry none but a widow; and those who have not been married must marry virgins. They observe the same degrees of consanguinity with us. They marry betimes on Monday morning, feast three days before consummation, and expose the signs of virginity like the Jews and other eastern nations.

 Miscellaneous Selections.

EUGENIO AND AMELIA,

Concluded from Page 282.

EUGENIO proceeded, as well as I can recollect, with the assistance of my memorandums, in the following terms: "I am the only son of virtuous parents, and who, if more need be said, were both of very gentle blood. My father bore arms at a very young age, served his country in many campaigns, and was, as those report, who have followed his fortunes, a truly gallant soldier. Whether it was from reading, or a natural elevation of mind, I know not; but it was his misfortune to have imbibed a certain enthusiasm of honor, and grandeur of sentiment, which proved a great interruption to his happiness during the whole course of his life. My father had a soul for great actions: he was the hero in the field, but he was also too much the hero in common life; and as Socrates is said to have brought down philosophy from the skies, so it seemed an ambition of my father's to force into the most ordinary concerns in which he was engaged, those erect principles of justice, and those sentiments of heroic disinterestedness, which, though in the main they certainly should form the great rule of our actions, yet never can be rendered universally applicable in the petty commerce of society. I use the past tense in speaking of my father, not because I know that he is dead,

to be assured of that, would remove my mind from a heavy load of anxiety—but because I fear I have lost him forever; and my busy sorrow is ever presenting him to my thoughts in a state much worse than death—a state unworthy of his birth and feelings, and ill accommodated to his age and infirmities. In short, Sir, after having lost him for one twelvemonth, without knowing whither he was fled, I heard only a week ago, that during all this interval he has served as a common soldier in the army of Prince Ferdinand. But I will not anticipate the events of my story; I fear they will interest you but little, with every advantage of relation.

"In the year 1735, my father, then a youth, and burning to distinguish himself in the field, fought under the Imperialists, at that time at war with the French. In a fierce encounter, an Austrian captain was slain by his side, a gentleman of great merit, whose friendship and courage had on a former occasion saved my poor father from the bayonet's point. His comrade and friend fell upon his bosom, and had just time to entreat him to make a transfer of that affection which had so long been his pride and happiness, to a helpless orphan he was leaving behind him. In his sorrow for his departed friend, my father found com-

fort in thinking that still the opportunity was left him of evincing his gratitude towards him, and of honoring his memory by better testimonies than unavailing tears. Touched with the destitute situation of the daughter, his pity was soon succeeded by a warmer sentiment, which the gentle sorrow, and the amiable qualities of the young lady strengthened and matured. In short, he fulfilled his engagements, by marrying her as soon as the peace was concluded between the belligerent powers. In a few months after they came to England, and took those little premises in Shropshire, where they have lived ever since. I was born in about three years after this marriage, and destined, alas! to succeed all my father's pride, and all his mortifications; to all his exaltation of spirit, and all his depression of circumstances.

"The narrowness of their income, and still more, my father's jealous eagerness to inspire no sentiments into my mind but his own, determined them to take my education upon themselves, every essential part of which they were between them, well qualified to conduct, except that in which worldly wisdom was concerned, and the interests of my future fortunes. As myself and a sister were their only charge, the duty they had imposed on themselves was not more than they could fulfil with ease and delight: and my father has often assured me that the ten years which succeeded his marriage, were a counter balance to the fatigues and sufferings of his whole life.

"He had married a woman of no personal accomplishments; but Providence had rewarded his pious

regard to the memory of his friend, by giving her a soul great like his own, and full of the most exalted notions of justice, purity and benevolence. Her German ancestry were noble, and a tincture of national haughtiness had formerly discolored her sentiments; but as their union was more a marriage of the mind than of the person, their constant communication, and mutual respect softened down the pride of my mother's bosom, to the same temper with that which informed my father's, and effected a perfect congeniality in the principles on which they were founded. Strengthened by his reasons, animated by his example, and assisted by the force of her own understanding, she was soon persuaded of the folly and fragility of that pride, which has no sources to draw from human prejudices and self-flattery, and discerned the broad partition which separate dignity from disdain, and grandeur of soul from pride of circumstance.

"In the year 1745, when I was entering on my tenth year, my father followed the Royal Duke into the Netherlands, and left me to the sole care and tuition of my mother, who, though not wanting in female sensibility, or maternal softness, was yet so well acquainted with the duties and the ornaments of my sex, that every endeavor was made to build up that masculine structure of thought and habit, of which my father had laid the foundation in my mind; and as the warmth and sensibility of female bosoms rarely suffer them to be moderate in a cause in which their interests or affections are engaged, she carried this principle as far as it would bear, and perhaps a little beyond the scope of

of its meaning and application.

"The histories of great men and great times were the constant objects of my study; and those pages were pointed out for my particular attention, wherein deeds of heroism abroad, or acts of patriotism at home, were recited; and I considered the sequel of my life as a comment on a passage in an ancient writer, which casts a just reproach on the general tendency of education, to hold up rules rather for the extraordinary than the ordinary occasions of life. All my play things were martial: guns, trumpets, swords, and helmets were lavished upon me; and every day I was so busy in plying my batteries, in bombarding and cannonading, that my little heart was exalted almost to madness, and the horn of battle was always blowing in my ears.

"I am ashamed, my good sir, to trouble you with this petty detail: but as the period of life we are now considering, though of little importance in itself, borrows a great deal from the influence it has on the years of maturity; and as it may perhaps in some degree apologize for the singular and accommodating cast of my mind; I cannot refuse myself the liberty of relating an anecdote of my infancy, which I still remember with feelings in which pleasure and pain are somewhat whimsically blended.

"I had just completed the extravagant though bewitching memoirs of Charles XII. of Sweden, and the roar of bombs and cannons was still sounding in my ears, when a letter from my father brought us an account of the defeat at Fontenoy, acquainting us at the same time that he was then in

garrison at Orlend, and in hourly expectation of the enemy. Here my ardent imagination figured to me all the horrors of a siege, and I resolved to sympathize with the supposed sufferings of my father. I chose a spot in a meadow, about a mile distant from our house, where I labored incessantly for a week, in raising ramparts, and digging trenches, to represent the fortifications at Orlend: as soon as they were completed, I prevailed upon the son of a gardener in our neighborhood, a boy about my own age to carry on the siege, while I shut myself up within my works, resolving to hold out to the last, having previously frightened the besieger into secrecy, by threatening in case of treachery to lay waste his father's cauliflowers, and put all I should find, to the sword. We kept up this mockery through half the day, when suddenly the operations of the enemy ceased altogether; whether the vigour and impetuosity of my frequent sallies had driven him off, or hunger, a more powerful assailant, had forced him from the field. I gloried, however, in neglecting the calls of hunger; and imagining myself blockaded, I resolved to try how long I could hold out in such a situation. I kept within my fortification with great obstinacy till late in the evening, when, beginning to find that the contest with Nature could be no longer maintained, I determined not to surrender to the besiegers; but snatching the standard which I had fixed on the ramparts, with one hand, and grasping my sword in the other, I rushed out at a breach that was made in one of the ravelins; and fancying myself in the pursuit of the enemy, I ran to our garden

garden wall, where I fell, overcome with weariness and hunger. Here I lay for some time, with my sword and standard still in my hands, and probably should have died on the field of honor, if one of my father's laborers who happened to pass by, had not picked me up, and conveyed me to my mother.

"As soon as she was made acquainted with the whole transaction, she was delighted with this testimony to the force of her instruction; made me a present of a new sword, and promised me to persuade my father to make me a colonel as soon as he returned. She kept, however, a more watchful eye over my proceedings in future, and confined my operations within our garden wall. The Pretender's invasion, which took place soon after, so agitated my mind, that I was very near losing my senses; and my mother began to repine at the extraordinary success of her methods of education, and used her best efforts to bring this luxuriancy of mind within the bounds of reason.

"After the victory of Culloden, my father returned, covered with honor, and wounded in the service; but, alas! his circumstances were lower than ever; for his own illnesses, and his compassion for others, had rendered these late campaigns more than ordinarily expensive. The tender and endearing reception, however, which he found at home, banished every subject of regret from his mind; and he sat down, as he then thought, to enjoy, for a length of time, the solace of domestic tranquillity.

"The Quixotic mania with which I was possessed, could not but

be displeasing to a man of his sense; it was very wide of that character which it had been his object to form. He had but little, however, to combat with, in convincing my mother of her mistake; she had already begun to perceive it, and her mind was too great to scruple confession. Soft and gradual means were used to let me down gently from the heights to which I had been raised; and as I now had the rank of a colonel in my own eyes, especial care was taken not to wound the honor which I conceived to be attached to my situation. By their judicious management I was weaned a good deal from my military enthusiasm; but, as you see in the sequel, the impression has never been thoroughly effaced.

My father had resolved, on his return home, to sell out of the army, and enjoy the repose which he had earned; but as soon as he was perfectly cured of his wounds, his ardor of mind returned with his health, and all his sedentary projects disappeared. In the autumn of 1746, he followed Sir John Ligonier, to the Dutch Netherlands, and was wounded in three places at the battle of Roucoux. He returned home in a very wretched and emaciated state, to the great affliction of my poor mother, to whose unexampled care he again owed his recovery, which, however, was not completed under full four years, during which time he was confined to his apartment in a state of extreme lameness and debility.

"I shall now pass over a lapse of seven years, which were chequered by no incidents worth relating; except it may be proper to mention that in this interval my father

father surrendered to the impressions of sickness, grew gradually sedate and tranquil in his deportment and sentiments, and lost in a great part his predilection for the military life. So great, indeed, was the change which time and circumstances had wrought in his mind, that when I reached my 18th year, instead of realizing the splendid visions of my childhood, he sent me to college in the year 1755, to accomplish myself for holy orders. But before two months had expired, I was heartily wearied with the forms and institutions, as well as with the manners and usages of the place.

“My ideas had been accustomed to expatiate over a wide scene of action, in which every thing that was vast and unbounded in human enterprise, or elevated in human character, was ever moving before my fancy, in which a shade was cast over vulgar wants and vulgar interests, and in which that middle order of men among whom I was now to take my place, was seen at a confused distance, or lost in the surrounding blaze. The inactive pomp, the inglorious ease, the narrow range, and the petty politics of a college life, were ill calculated to arrest a mind like mine which had taken flight, at ten years of age, into regions of visionary perfection, and whose aspiring humor had already taught it contempt, not only for the common amusements of infancy, but for the common play things of maturity.

“Alas! Sir, since those days my wings have been clipped: they were severely shorn at my first entrance into those real scenes of which my young fancy had imagined such delusive representations. At first I fluttered like a young

eagle imprisoned in a cage, whose privilege it once was to sit on the summit of a rock, in the broad blaze of the sun, and contemplate the immensity before it as filled with objects of enterprise—as the scene of prowess and adventure. But though I never could accommodate myself to my cage, I ceased to make those ineffectual struggles which would only serve to cover me with ridicule, and sink me in my own esteem; and, if I was not happy, I was at least apparently composed, and took some care, that, at this introductory stage of life, my singularity should not be insulting, or my silence austere.

“What principally fostered my aversion to college was doubtless the very circumscribed state of my finances, which soon taught me to measure the distance at which poverty throws us from our social dues—from a just participation in the courtesies and amenities of life. It is, however, its high privilege and consolation to be secure from the seductions of flattery, to see before it the unvarnished side of human nature, and to view the native forms of virtue and vice in their genuine light.

“Though my poor parents almost beggared themselves to support me with respectability, all would not do; and my circumstances were so low, as hardly to suffice for my bare maintenance. The reverence I feel for the principle of every institution which has the good of mankind for its object, makes me cautious how I reprove; for there is a spirit of correction which chafes away the good with the evil, and which, in its zeal for completing the beauty of a building, destroys the cement on which its existence depends. But I cannot

not avoid, in this place, expressing my concern, that means are not more industriously used, to lower the rate of living at college, by a close inquiry into frauds and excessive charges, by the prevention of long credit, and a clearer exposition of college accounts. I had not been above three weeks in my new situation, before I began to be weary of the society into which I had entered, and to draw upon myself no small portion of hatred and persecution. I was nick named Major Strutt; my windows were frequently broken, and my doors were scribbled over, with low and contemptible scurrility. The high and dignified notions which my father had taken such pains to rear in my mind were yet in a great measure the cause of this odium; yet it is but fair to confess that whereas these were mixed and qualified in my father's mind with a thousand soft and humane ingredients, in mine they soon hardened into a firm indissoluble frame, and bred within me a degree of misanthropy and choler which neither reason nor religion has yet been able to subdue."

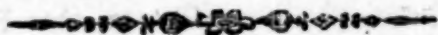
"I cannot help thinking, however," cried Mr. Barville with some earnestness and precipitation, "that you do not yourself understand all the ingredients of this boiling spirit. I will take upon myself to affirm that inhumanity is not one of them; and I am persuaded that your severity was principally directed against yourself. You carry your own eulogy in your countenance, and that is a testimony which I never dispute." Eugenio bowed and shook his head, while a tear trickled down his face, as he thus proceeded:

"A thousand boyish and pitiful insults continued to be levelled at my peace, but they were yet too weak and diminutive, to provoke any thing more than contempt; I treated the whole pack with sovereign indifference; and I really believe that hitherto the mortification was greater on their side than my own. My loftiness of temper, and the scorn expressed in my countenance, challenged their utmost malignancy. Hints were at length thrown out in disparagement of my birth, and derogatory to the virtue of my mother, as well as to the courage and honor of my father. This atrocious attack applied a torch to my feelings, and kindled them to a blaze of indignation. What methods I took to vindicate the honor of my family, are perhaps as well omitted. They were such as compelled my calumniators to contradict in writings the infamous reports they had spread, and even further, to write severally to their parents in the spirit of abjuration and remorse, which letters I put myself into the post, and in a few days received answers, filled with expressions of shame and sorrow for the ignominious conduct of their sons. These letters, together with their recantations, I took care to make sufficiently public: my enemies were abashed, and an interval of peace succeeded. This suspension of hostilities was, however, only a breathing time for my persecutors, and the same infamous tales continued to be propagated.

"My disgust now rose to such a pitch, that I lived a whole year in entire solitude, nourishing the pride of my spirit, and my contempt for those around me." At this moment a gentleman of the neighborhood

hood called in; and Eugenio and myself in the interim, took a walk into the garden. I seized this opportunity of entreating him to continue one day longer among us, and was secretly delighted at his ready acquiescence, and with his manner of expressing his compliance. "Mr. Olive Branch," said he, pressing my hand, "I don't know what it is which gives you this power over me, but I feel that I can refuse you nothing. The

complacency I read in your looks, helps to tranquillise my own thoughts, and it seems as if my spirits could find in your friendship a harbor from those storms within and without me, to which I am ever exposed." A tear which stood in my eyes at this moment assured him of those sympathetic feelings which were really too strong to suffer me to answer him directly.



E L I N O R, A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

"A H! how cold the wind blows!" said a tall female, as she descended from a white cliff, which over-hung the sea. I raised my eyes wistfully to her face. I saw it was traced by the hand of Beauty, and not by the tear of misery. The fresh breeze blew through her light garments, and cast her brown hair in disordered, but beautiful masses, over her naked bosom: her eyes were sweet and blue, but they rolled with the quickness of phrenzy, as she approached. "Who are you?" asked I, with emotion, taking her hand within mine. "They call me Wild Elinor! answered she, in a soft but hurried voice, eyeing some flowers. "I am very poor—I have no home—I have lost my lover—

"Beneath yon wave
Is Edwin's grave!"

repeated she, in a musical tone. "But come back with me, and see it. I strew it every day with flowers; and weep sometimes—But—I can't now!" She stopped, and sighed; then putting her hand on her breast—"I am very unhap-

py, stranger! O my breaking heart! Her voice died away. I thought reason gleamed in her eye, as she sunk on the sod. I stopped to raise her falling frame. She lifted her large blue orbs towards me with silent gratitude: a soft bloom spread her pallid cheek; and, articulating "Edwin!" fell lifeless on the earth.

"Thy gentle spirit is now at rest! said I bending pensively over her clay. "But Oh! what agonies must have torn thy heart, luckless maid! when returning reason shewed thee all thy wretchedness, and when that wretchedness cut the thread of thy existence! Cold, cold, is the loveliest form of nature! closed is the softest eye that ever poured a beam on mine! That form must now moulder in the dust! that eye must no longer open on the world!" The tears gushed as I spoke. I fell on the earth beside her corpse: the warm drops of sensibility washed the marble of her bosom—my heart heaved with agony. I was a man, and I glotied in my tears!—

DE BURGHE.
The

THE TOUR OF SENTIMENT.

“AND so!—said I, on entering the famed town of Brentford—and so!—I could bear it no longer—I gushed into a flood of tears—An unfeeling butcher who stood near, and who had no joy above the fruitless struggles of the ox who tottered under the axe, pointed me out to the ridicule of his hardened comrades—A glow of shame, which by the bye human nature cannot always suppress, suffused my cheek, This, said I, is the dark side of things—My horse, (who perhaps felt the force of the appeal—’tis a pliant beast) went onward, as if grateful that I had spared the spur. Before I knew that I was out of reach of the butcher’s taunts, my faithful steed stopped, as if unwilling to interrupt my reverie,—at Mr. March’s great inn at Salt-Hill.” And in what said I, am I superior to the laboring wretches that herd in the meaner houses which are open to their more circumscribed necessities? A conviction of self-applause invigorated my whole frame. In my life I never experienced a more tranquil glow of animated sensibility. A chequered window shutter soon caught my eye, ‘Good entertainment for man and horse’ Aye, aye, said I, for my late triumph over pride still made my blood dance in milder meanders through my veins, Aye, aye, said I, and I patted the meek neck of my faithful companion, aye, aye, said I, and I hope we may reverse the motto, and say, ‘Good man and horse for entertainment’ and so saying, I gave my horse to honest Will the ostler; and walking briskly into the worst room I could find, I far-

ed sumptuously on a crust of brown bread, half mouldy with age, and a glass of water which I drew from the pail in which my steed had been drinking. The worldling will smile at my mortification, but let it be remembered that I am writing a language which the worldling cannot understand.

“’Tis strange! said I, passing strange, that French corks should be called in, when sentiment can give so keen a zest to the homeliest fare! [a tear filled each eye as I spoke: I knew not how they came there; and as the heart is not made for scrutinies, I did not stay to enquire.] Thou hapless animal, said I to my faithful steed, art unacquainted with this luxury. Esopus knew it not, or peacock’s tongues, would not have been in his bill of fare. I spoke with vehemence; and I fear my quiet companion suffered by the enthusiasm of his master. For he stopped suddenly, hung his head, and presented an attitude so moving, and so pregnant with silent reproach, that Balaam’s ass, with all his loquacity, would have suffered by the comparison. ‘Pardon me,’ said I, most useful and harmless creature, if I have unwarily drawn innocent blood.’ My tones as I spoke, were sweet and flexible, partaking of the melting philanthropy of the soul that gave them utterance. His gentle nature was appeased, he recovered his pace, ‘Kind Heaven,’ said I, ‘for once reverse thy decrees, and grant my excellent beast the immortality he merits, by virtues his rider would be proud to possess.’ Whether my imagination was warmed by a train of reflections, each

each of which would put the tyrant conqueror to shame, or whether merit, though in a quadruped, is never unnoticed, but it matters not, the effect was the same; (we are ever prone to judge by events;) so it was that he reared exultingly as I finished my prayer. He had never thus raised himself before; his humble disposition kept him nearer the earth. And why, said I, should I reject the suspensions of my expanding heart? Xanthus, said I, prophesied before thee, honest brute. I embraced the omen; and, if I am credulous, let me not be scoffed. Achilles was so before me—And so saying, I raised my eyes (which, by a habit of thoughtfulness, were generally riveted to my horse's mane) to view the streets of

SLOUGH.

Slough!—'tis an invidious name—but let that pass. Charity would perhaps have chosen a tenderer appellation: but are not words intended as the pictures of ideas? the town, reader, is not clean; and the mire which my steed gathered in its passage through it, impressed more forcibly upon my mind the

oppositeness of the title. Yet what will not habit effect? The countenances of the inhabitants, though defiled, were illumined with serenity; but the solution is not yet complete. Patriotism will have its dues; it was native dirt; and who shall say that the natale solum can never inconvenience or disfigure? The mystery was at an end, or I was too indolent to pursue the enquiry, or perhaps pride concealed the deficiencies of my theory (as it is often the case with wiser men) or what shall we say to Descartes and his atoms? But be it as it may, when an attempt is made to remove difficulties, one may fail in the primary end, but it is made up to us in another way; and the self applause arising from a consciousness of strenuous endeavors, more than pays us for our trouble. If I am wrong, let not a cruel world too harshly buffet my system; a fly's wing might overturn it; I have a heart too feeble and tender to sustain the penalties to which the errors of my head might expose it. "Do not laugh, but pity me."

Curious HISTORICAL and DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS respecting the INHABITANTS of the Kingdom of CANARY on the Coast of Malabar.

(From Moor's Narrative of the Operations of Captain Little's Detachment.)

THE characters used in writing by the Caranese and Malabars, appear, as well as their dialect, to be derived from the same source; they write from the left, as we do; the Malabars, with an iron skewer, on leaves of a species of the palmyra, commonly called

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the brab tree: the leaf is about two inches broad, has many folds, strung loosely by a loop at the end, and is held in the left hand, the thumb nail of which, in those who profess writing, has a nick in it to receive and direct the skewer: the writing is performed with incon-

C

ceivable

ceivable quickness, and not only trifling occurrences, but public records of disbursements and events are thus written and preserved.

On public or important matters, the Canareese, we believe, write on common paper; but their ordinary accounts and writings are done with a white pencil on black paper, or rather a cloth, which is prepared something like our slate paper, and the pencil is a fossil, very similar to French chalk. A large book has but one piece of this paper, which is folded backward and forward, and will open out to ten or twelve yards in length.

In time of peace, this country abounds in oxen and sheep, the latter for food, the former for the purpose of labor; for the Canareese eat no beef or swine's flesh. Grain and fowls are also in abundance; but no geese, turkeys or tame ducks. The jungles and hills are inhabited by tigers, bears, and other carnivorous animals: of the cat kind, as well as as the tyger, here are leopards, cheetas, and, we believe, the lynx is sometimes seen, but no lions. Of the capine species, wolves, hyenas, jackals, and foxes are on every hill, and afford good sport in chase; the antelope, and several other kinds of deer, in an open country, are seen every day in herds; some of them are very large and beautiful, having long branching antlers, and black skins spotted white: they are so fleet, it is in vain giving them chase, and withal so shy, and keeping mostly in a clear country, it is difficult to shoot them. Elks are said to be in this country, but we never saw any, and a species of deer, not unlike the elk, called in India the sambu.

For the gun here are peacocks, partridges, quails, snipes, doves, plover, and other delicate birds:

the pheasant is not eatable, and has not the beautiful plumage of the English or Chinese pheasant; but the jungle cock is, in every respect but little inferior. The curmoa or florakin is highly esteemed, and here is another bird, whose name we cannot recollect, larger than the turkey, and for the spit equally as good: it flies slowly and heavily, and being shy, and lighting only in clear open places, is difficult to shoot. Hares are in plenty, but no rabbits: The tanks abound in ducks, teal and widgeon, of the former a variety, and some very large. Fishing affords but indifferent sport, for although the rivers and tanks seem to have plenty of fish, they will not take bait. We have lived several months together in a populous town, on the bank of the finest river in Canara, and were seldom able to procure fish, although had there been any caught, they would most likely have been brought to us, as so much more than the usual price would have been paid: from this we conclude the Canareese are very indifferent hands at the net. In times of peace, this fair country, at so reasonable a rate, affords every necessary of life, that the natives are not constrained to drain the water of its inhabitants for a subsistence, and their simplicity in food causes no demand for luxuries.

Fruit and vegetables are neither in such variety or quality as might be expected, where they form so considerable an article in the diet of the people: plantains should, we think, from their utility, and perhaps flavor, rank first on the list of fruits: mangoes are in abundance, but very inferior to many kinds of that exquisite fruit in Bombay, Goa, and other places on the Malabar coast. Mangoes when green,

give

give a relish to the simple food of the natives; they are also salted and used as an acid, the only one indeed, the Caraneese have, excepting tamarind; for they make no vinegar, although it might be so easily procured as it is in most parts of India, by suffering the juice that exudes from the cocoa nut or date tree to ferment a few days in the sun, with a little coarse sugar mixed in it. This liquor, called by natives in different parts of India tarree, neera, or sindee, by the English toddy, is procured, by hanging an earthen pot on a stem whence the embryo fruit has been cut: when drank before sunrise, it is sweet, of delicious flavor, and of medicinal properties; keeping the body cool and soluble. In a few hours, by violent fermentation, it becomes intoxicating, and is drank to excess by the lower classes of people in most parts of Hindostan: a spirit is also extracted from it by distillation. The liquor is gathered twice a day, in the quantity of half a pint, about the time of sun-rising and setting.

The other fruits are musk and water mellons, pomegranates, grapes, pine apples, limes, custard apples, jacks, guavas, and a few other inferior kinds common throughout India: grapes and pines seldom come to market. Coconuts and dates are in great abundance, and are sent to the coast as an article of merchandize. Heretofore it has been a received opinion, that the cocoa nut tree would not flourish but near the sea; we have, however, seen very extensive groves, or rather forests of them, about the centre of the peninsula, an hundred and fifty miles from the sea, in as fine order as any on the coast.

No birds, or animals, peculiar

for the beauty of their plumage, or other singularities, occur to us as natives, in this part of the peninsula. Monkeys are numerous, and squirrels, of both, a variety of kinds; the former disgusting by their size, and too near approach to the human figure; the squirrels are some of them very diminutive and pretty, and by being fed and cherished, become quite domesticated and free. That beautiful little bird called baya, so frequently mentioned by travellers to suspend its nest on the extreme branches of trees is very common here.

In common with what other people we have visited, living remote from our settlements, and out of the influence of our customs, the Caraneese imagine every white man a physician; and as we occasionally appeared in that character, it was easy to discover their entire ignorance in what relates to compounds: in simples their information has been dictated by nature, and is not despicable; it is, indeed, sufficient for their purpose, for being moderate in living, and situated in a temperate climate, few people have less occasion for physicians. In cases of fever, nature has furnished them with a medicine that grows in every hedge; it is a common shrub, the leaves of which being dried, and reduced to powder, was, by our professional gentlemen in intermittent cases, given in preference to bark. Antimony is used, but their confined knowledge in chymistry prevents any elegance in the preparation: nitre and allum appear to be favorite medicines, and are administered in a variety of cases.

Innoculation for the small pox we think, is not practised, nor is the disease much dreaded when it does make its appearance, which is

not

not unfrequent, but without any extensive effects: from the same favorable causes already mentioned, the temperature of the climate, and their simplicity in food, these people have it in so benign a form as to create very little alarm: some, however, we have observed, both men and women, marked with the confluent kind. Opium is taken, not as a medicine, but a luxury, in the way of inhalation; laudanum is unknown:—they make and use sal ammoniac, but know not much of its properties.

In surgery, the Canarese, it may be said, have no skill or knowledge; were a man's finger in a state of mortification they could not remove it. In bruises and contusions nature is again kind to them, as on every road a shrub grows, the leaves of which being boiled in water, the fumes, or the water, is a most excellent emollient: it is common in most parts of India, and by us called the fomentation-leaf. We have before had occasion to observe there being scorpions in this country; they are the largest we have ever seen, and quite black, but their sting is more painful than dangerous: in these cases the Canarese scarify the affected part, and rub it with hot cocoa nut oil, and encrust it with cow dung: the latter is a common application, and not a bad poultice. The only snake, whose bite that we know of, is mortal, is the cobra de capello, so called by Europeans from having a membrane round its head, which, when irritated, it expands like a hood, as the Portuguese name denotes: it is a very beautiful species, five or six feet or more in length, and is the only instance within our knowledge of a serpent of that size being mortally venomous; as we have ever

remarked the smaller the reptile, the more dangerous its bite. In India, there are snakes, or rather worms, not more than four inches in length, nor thicker than a tobacco pipe, whose bite is almost instant death: in Tillecherry, many years back, we recollect the death of an elephant was imputed to the bite of one of these apparently insignificant reptiles.

The idea that venom decreases in animals in an inverse proportion to their size is natural; for as nature, we are taught, never works in vain, it would appear a superfluity to have bestowed upon creatures the faculty of killing by incision, whose strength alone is a sufficient defence against its enemies, and whose contact is abundantly mortal for the purposes of procuring food.

The cobra de capello is in a singular manner charmed by music, rearing its head, and expanding its hood to the shrill sound of any wind instrument; and many people get a livelihood by carrying a parcel of them about in baskets, and making them dance to music for the entertainment of any curious person. The snakes thus shown are perfectly harmless, and may be safely handled by any person; it is said their impotence proceeds from a stone being removed from under their tongue, that supplied their teeth with venom: these stones were formerly, and indeed are still, highly prized as antidotes against the poison of their former possessors; they are in size, shape and appearance not unlike a tamarind stone, and may be found genuine, if by immersing them in water, small bubbles continue to arise from them. Whether or not they are found in the serpent's head, or have any virtue as an antidote, we do not determine;

mine; but the facts are universally known and admitted. Tavernier in his Indian travels, page 155. has a tolerable good portrait of the cobra de capello, and he there mentions these stones.

It is not uncommon for people who frequently lose fowls or any kind of poultry, to send, suspecting the thief, to a snake shower, who by piping about the premises, will presently call forth the cobra de capello, if there be one, and with all imaginable *sang froid* seize it and put it in his basket, desiring no recompense but the snake for his pains. This species is held in high veneration by both Hindoos and Mahomedans, and submits only to those its superior in size; for the merits of these creatures seem to be measured by their magnitude, and if it were for the reason before given, it would be rational enough; but this does not appear to be the motive, for the people who cherish these strange companions, have not the smallest apprehension of danger. Old fakerees, or superannuated Hindoos, retired from the bustle of the world, frequently nourish in, or about their huts, one of these monstrous snakes, which becomes quite domesticated, and is supposed by its doating master, to be the guardian genius of his life and fortunes.

Accidents frequently happening from the bite of this snake, it must be a great gratification to the person that discovers the means of preserving the lives of his fellow creatures, who may have the misfortune to be bitten, and snatching them from the jaws of death by a method so simple, that every person is capable of procuring and applying it. This has lately been discovered in any volatile alkali spirits, which has been proved by a

variety of cases, to be a specific in counteracting the effects of this poison on the system, which it would appear to do, by stimulating the fibres, and preserving the irritability more than in resisting the disease of the poison.

Eau de luce answers as well as the pure caustic alkali spirit, if, allowing for the essential oil in its composition that tend to diminish its powers, a larger quantity is administered: and so long as that retains its milky white colour, when diluted, it is sufficiently efficacious.

So immediate are the effects of this specific, that if it is given soon after the subject is bitten, in a few minutes a cure will be effected; at any period, if the medicine can be swallowed, the mortal effect will be prevented. From fifty to sixty drops, or nearly a tea-spoonfull in a sufficient quantity of water, is a dose, and if given immediately the poison is received, its effects will be prevented; if, at a considerable time after, the dose must be repeated until the effect is produced. If some of the caustic alkali be applied on a pledget to the wound, it will heal the sooner.

As well as against the bite of this snake, the volatile alkali appears to act as a repellent to the venom of other kinds, and may possibly be found equally efficacious against most animal poisons: at any rate the experiment is worthy of a trial. This specific was first made known by Mr. Williams, of Calcutta, in the Asiatic Researches; whence most of these particulars are borrowed: vol. II. page 323. Instances of successful treatment have also occurred in Bombay, and one has come particularly under our notice: indeed the medicine was never known to fail.

As

As oil is frequently administered as a remedy in the bite of snakes, it may not be unnecessary to caution against the use of it with the volatile alkali, as it blunts the stimulating quality, and renders it useless.

There are in Canara, and we believe all over India, the cent'pied, whose bite or sting, like the scorpion's, is painful, but not dangerous. The practice of cauterizing is in vogue, mostly in rheumatic complaints, and sometimes in fevers. Phlebotomy is, we believe, all over India, a part of the barber's business; it is generally done in the foot with a razor. We have before noticed the Guinea-worm being more frequent in this country, than any other that we can speak of.* No other complaint occurs to us as prevalent among the Canareese.

Architecture appears the only science in which the Canareese have made any considerable advancement. Some of their pagodas are judiciously constructed, and elegantly ornamented: and by the accounts of the famed city of An-

nagoondy, their excellence in this art would seem with reason to claim an acknowledgment. That city is, however, unrivalled by any modern execution. The troubles of their country, of late years, when it has almost always been the seat of war, will plead an excuse for the inhabitants in not having turned their thoughts to the softer employments of peace and tranquillity.

Refinement in music bespeaks a degree of civilization that cannot be expected in a people situated like the Canareese, often changing masters, always subject to a foreign yoke, and laboring under the disadvantage of frequent strife and troubles, general and domestic. Their music is indeed barbarous. Their wind instruments resemble the bagpipe, in very unskilful hands; which, with a three stringed violin-like thing, tinkling cymbals, and a kind of drum compose their concert, and produce horrible discord.

Poetry, like music, flourishes only among a quiet people, under a free and settled government. This

* When the party arrived at Hurry Hal, Mr. Little was confined to his bed by that singular disorder, the Guinea-worm, in India called the narroo, which had attacked his legs very severely: this is a common complaint in the upper country: more so, it seems, than near the sea, where, however, it is well known. The writer of this narrative speaks from painful experience, when he says they are most troublesome, painful companions. Although more frequent in the upper country, we have seen severer cases near the sea, where on one gentleman, at one time, we think there were thirteen: they mostly come in the legs, sometimes in the arms, joints of the fingers, and once we heard of one in the tongue; the part attacked is much swelled and inflamed. The barbers of this country are expert at extracting them, by raising the skin with a razor, before it is broken by the worm, and pulling it out; but in this treatment they are apt to break, when they shortly appear in a different place, with additional pain and inconvenience. The usual treatment is to wait patiently until the worm breaks the skin, and then with a thread tie it round a piece of stick, or paper, and by frequently turning it, wind the worm but a little at a time; by these means, and keeping it constantly poulticed, an inch or two, or three, may be extracted daily, until six, and sometimes several more feet of the worm are taken out: but this is a tedious method. The easiest, and most expeditious cure, is a green aloe leaf, split and applied hot as possible to the parts, and taking internally half an ounce of burned garlic daily: in three or four days the worm will die in the flesh, and a cure be speedily effected.

temperate climate, blessed with beautiful women, beautiful prospects, and a serene sky, should take the lead in amatory and pastoral poetics; but so it is, from the causes already stated, and the indolent turn of the men, the muses are entire strangers, and Canara's copper-colored beauties must remain unsung.

Where neither music nor poetry exist to harmonize the soul, the polished attentions of gallantry are of course unknown. Here the unfeeling Canarese sees, without emotion, the lovely partner of his bed toiling all day, unassisted in every species of domestic drudgery; and having prepared his meal, he eats by himself in sulky silence, and leaves her to her solitary repast. If they live on the produce of a garden, the labor of cultivation falls to her share: he sits at home, and stupified with opium, deigns not; when she returns from her work, one smile of approbation, or one cheering word, to lighten the labor of the day. On a journey he mounts a bullock; she, with a child in her arms, pants after him to drive it; while he, regardless of her fatigue, conceives it not his duty to ease her of the additional load, the produce of the only passion he appears capable of feeling. Were it not for his having enough of the animal in him to excite an observance of wedded rites, the Canarese might be supposed not susceptible of emotion in the presence of beauty, and marrying from the motives of ease and convenience, as void of choice, whether his wife were handsome or not.

The females are, we think lower in stature than the generality of Asiatics, are remarkable for the symmetry of their persons, and have a delicate animation in the

features of the face, that renders them more than usually attractive and interesting. Black hair, and an eye 'black as the raven tintured robe of night,' are universal throughout Asia; and if the fair of Canara do not boast preeminence in the former, to the latter they assert that claim: and their complexion being fairer and clearer than most others, the contrasted blackness of the eye is more conspicuous, which seems to swim in a delicious languor of superior brilliancy.

It is suspected they are not particularly constant in connubial connexions, this failing, however, if admitted, would not bear severe condemnation, were we to consider that the tie by which they are united is feeble, not being drawn close by the interest of the heart, and must be easily loosened by attention and flattery, gratifications to which they are strangers; their novelty will therefore the more powerfully enforce them; and almost destitute of the restraints of education or instruction, those prejudices will be of little weight, opposed to the impulse of the constitution. It is, however, allowed, that when removed from the degrading indifference of their slothful superiors, and placed in situations becoming their sex, they are fully sensible of kindness and attention, and none more susceptible of the benign emotions of grateful affection.

The custom of blackening their teeth with animony, which is prevalent among the female Canarese, will indeed never, appear a beauty in the eye of an European; it will, doubtless, require a long residence among them, ere he will be at all reconciled to a practice so unnatural. That the custom is in

so much repute is greatly to be lamented, as the females who have not complied with it, are as much to be admired for the beautiful enamel of their teeth, as those in any part of India. It is not, however, the taste or blame of the younger ones, as the ceremony generally takes place, when the unfortunate victim is at a very early age. We have had opportunities of remonstrating with the parents on the folly of it, but with very little effect. The argument they use is,

that it preserves the teeth; and truly it may be a just one; for we have frequently seen the sable rows of aged matrons quite perfect and good; it is moreover, thought a beauty.

The men, again are in the opposite extreme; as by the immoderate quantity of chuna they chew with their beetel, the enamel is corroded, and their teeth are brought to a premature decay; so that a man with good teeth is as rare to be seen as a woman with bad.



ON THE DUTY OF RENDERING VIRTUE AMIABLE.

In quibusdam virtutes non habent gratiam, in quibusdam vitæ ipsa delectant.
QUINTILIAN, lib. 2. chap. 3.

WHen we lament the imperfection of all human enjoyments, our meaning seldom extends farther than to those things which we deem, in some degree or other, conducive to the immediate satisfaction of these senses. We seldom think, nor, until long experience has enlarged our reflection, will it enter our minds, that even virtues of the most valuable kind may be rendered so selfish as to afford to society no consolation, and so unamiable as to take off all the fascination of example. The picture of virtue appears to many to be a simple duty, in which the only parties concerned are the individual and his conscience; and many affect, therefore, to be content with what they term the consciousness of acting right without any regard to what the world may think or feel concerning them. This would be wise, were there not some men in every society whose opinion a good man would wish to conciliate, and others

whose reformation a zealous man would be desirous to promote.

The natural destination of man is to live in society; it becomes him, therefore, to consider, and to be continually sensible, that to the duties of solitary existence there are added those obligations he owes to the circle in which he lives, which are of a nature somewhat distinct, and yet so intimately and necessarily connected with the former, that without them the whole duty of man cannot be said to be complete. Such are the obligations of rendering virtue so amiable in the eyes of others, as to attract their esteem, or, in more familiar language, of holding out such an example as they cannot but wish to follow. Without this men may live for themselves; they may enjoy a selfish and solitary contentment, but they neglect one of the highest precepts of wisdom, and one of the earliest commands of Christianity. The great author of our religion charges his follow-

ers to let their light so shine before men, as that they may imbibe its heat, and praise the source from whence it comes.

Notwithstanding any injunction so positive as to be universally binding, and notwithstanding arguments from reason and policy so cogent as to admit of no refutation, it is too certain that many persons of rigid morals and of strict honor, are so far insensible to what they owe to society, as to give a forbidding appearance, and cast a cold and cheerless hue over every virtue, and particularly to deter the young, the gay, and the susceptible, from the company and example that would otherwise improve their gaiety, make virtue familiar, and innocence secure. Hence, overawed by a severity which they cannot yet have deserved, and daunted by an austerity, which they cannot feel only as an unmeaning punishment, they are driven into associations with persons of their own age and temper, where nothing is to be learned but what they know, and nothing practised but what is natural. Hence, too, they are insulated from that company in which they might acquire the benefits of experience, and be taught the moderation of wisdom. Hence they have so much to learn at a heavy expence, and one generation profits but little from the wisdom of the past. Hence a repetition, from age to age, of follies against which we have no caution, of embarrassments from which we cannot escape, and of crimes, the enormity of which we learn only in their punishment.

The celebrated retorcian, Quintilian, in the motto prefixed to his essay, justly observes, that there are some men whose virtues are

without amiableness, and others whose very vices are agreeable. Of the truth of this we have many proofs, and there is, it may be believed, no man who cannot point out some one of his friends, the attraction of whose virtues is sacrificed to the indulgence of an unequal and uncommodating temper, and whose character, however perfect in the external observances of virtue and piety, is wanting in those qualities which would render his company an inducement, and his example a lesson. Others on the contrary; there are, who, regardless of all moral obligations, possess those shining and agreeable qualities which invincibly gain proselytes, by enlivening the social hour, and providing that kind of entertainment which we expect when we relinquish study, or relax from labor. So frequently, indeed do such examples recur, that they are thought to be natural, and in works professedly descriptive of human life and manners, in novels and plays, we very frequently meet with a moralist who is sour and implacable, and a rake who is careless & agreeable. On which side the young mind will fix its bias is unhappily a matter of frequent experience.

It follows from facts like these, at least if they be allowed the merit of truth, that wisdom and virtue ought never to be separated, that he who has not learned to render his morality agreeable, and his piety cheerful, is better calculated to perform the austerities of monastic retirement; than to fulfil the obligations of social life. In the cell or the cloister, he may duly submit to the rites of superstition, and may even exceed the penances of fabled saints; but in social life he takes comfort away, and

leaves nothing in return. He instructs none by precepts which are contrived to frighten, and allures none by an example which seems too remote from common life to have any relation to it. He forgets that the religion which he would support, if it be not cheerful, approaches to remorse, and if it be not consolatory, is entangled in superstition. No man has a better right, if the expression may be used, to be cheerful, than he who feels the rational belief, and the chastened hopes and fears of revealed religion. But if he who possesses these has an untoward temper, which kindness cannot mollify, an unkindly manner which prohibits approach, and a forbidding aspect which destroys freedom, what can follow, but that vice will soon put on the alluring garb which virtue disdains, and none will seem cheerful but those who are thoughtless, nor happy, but those who are improvident?

It is a common error, and even with men whose belief in revelation is strong, and whose practice of virtue is unsullied, that their duty is limited to certain observances of an external kind expressly enjoined, and that the cultivation of a right temper, and frame of mind toward the world, may be neglected as unattainable, or despised as unnecessary. Where this is an error of the understanding, they may be pardoned for their weakness, and tolerated for their sincerity. If it be obstinacy of will and perversity of temper, it will not be mentioned with equal respect by him who regards the welfare of mankind. It is a mistake, fatal to the true exercise and chief purposes of religion. That religious system which has no effect on the temper, may be suspected to

be superficial, to be casual, and to be transitory, in its operations and influences. The immediate observances of devotion may be conducted with fervency, and may end in resolutions of amendment; but if the warmth of devotion cease with its expression, and if resolutions be no longer remembered than they are formed, it is not too much to say that the mind is weak, content with ceremonies, and neglectful of what only can be deemed important. On the other hand the piety which is unassuming, which speaks in actions, and not in forms only, implies a mind cultivated above the barrenness of vulgarity, and fortified above the inconveniences which arise from petty vexations. It is connected with benevolence to all mankind, and discovers itself in a social disposition which makes virtue estimable and honorable, and vice obnoxious and disgraceful. It rivets the attention, engages the affections, and wins over the young, the gay, and the thoughtless. Animated by such examples set before them at a time when they have not been beguiled out of their belief in revelation, they 'become first regular, and then pious.'

Montaigne, an author, who with much to blame, has left us much to admire, observes, 'that the most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.' The sentiment may be adopted, without reserve, in the present case, if to prevent mistaken notions, we substitute *religion* for wisdom. We cannot, it is true, live in this world, and claim an exemption from its evils. We cannot promise ourselves that to-morrow will be as to-day, and that while others suffer, we shall escape; but, fortified by the hopes which are held out to the humble,

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the sincere and the benevolent, we can at least learn to avoid those crimes which embitter misfortune, and that discontent which leads to despair. We can at least suffer in silence and resignation, without desiring to diffuse around us a portion of our own unhappiness. Whoever examines his own heart, will be able to trace much of what he calls misery, to pride, envy, and a discontented temper; causes which, if he does not labor to remove, however apparently sincere he may be in performing the external rites of Christianity, we may certainly affirm that he has yet to learn its spirit. These things, it is true, are necessary, as disciplining is necessary

to an army; but we know that discipline is not valour.

Whatever degree of credit the preceding remarks may be thought entitled to, it is hoped they will not be considered as wholly unnecessary, at a time when religion, when all that dignifies man, and makes life happy, is assailed, not by the weapons of argument, for they might be easily repelled, nor by the sneers of ignorance, for they may be despised; but by an appeal to the lives of those who profess a belief in religion, and yet by erroneous notions of its duties, leave the young thinker suspended between superstition and infidelity. C.



An Interesting account of the Countess de St. BALMONT, an extraordinary French Lady, in the last Century.

From Anecdotes of distinguished Persons, Vol. III,

IT was in the year 1638, says abbé Arnould, in his very amusing memoirs, that I had the honor to become acquainted with that amazon of our times madame de St. Balmont, whose life was a prodigy of courage and of virtue, uniting in her person all the valor of a determined foldier, and all the modesty of a truly christian woman. She was of a very good family of Lorraine, and was born with a disposition worthy of her birth. The beauty of her face corresponded to that of her mind, but her shape by no means agreed with it, being small and rather clumsy. Providence, who had destined her for a life more laborious than that which females in general lead, had formed her more robust and more able to bear bodily fatigue. It had inspired

her with so great a contempt for beauty, that when she had the small pox she was as pleased to be marked with it as other women are afflicted on a similar occasion, and said that it would enable her to appear more like a man. She was married to the count de St. Balmont, who was not inferior to her either in birth or in merit. they lived together very happily till the troubles that arose in Lorraine obliged them to separate. The count was constantly employed by the duke his sovereign in a manner suitable to his rank and disposition, except once, when he gave him command of a poor feeble fortress in which he had the assurance to resist the arms of Louis XIV for several days together, at the risk of being treated with the most extreme severity of military law, which

which denounces the most infamous and degrading punishment against all those officers who hold out without any prospect of success. M. de St. Balmont went indeed farther and added insolence to rashness; for at every shot of cannon that was fired at the fortress, he appeared at the windows attended by some fiddlers, who played by his side. This madness (for one cannot call it by a more gentle name) had nearly cost him very dear; for when he was taken prisoner it was agitated in the council of war, composed of the officers whom he had treated with this insolence, whether he should not be hung up immediately; but regard was paid to his birth, and perhaps to his courage, however indiscreet.

Madame de St. Balmont remained upon his estates to take care of them. Hitherto she had only exerted her soldier-like disposition in hunting and shooting (which is a kind of war) but very soon an opportunity presented itself of realizing it, and it was this: an officer in our cavalry had taken up his quarters upon one of her husband's estates, and was living there at discretion. Madame de St. Balmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill behaviour, which he treated with great contempt. Piqued at this, she was resolved that he should give her satisfaction, and merely consulting her resentment, she wrote to him a note, signed, *Le chevalier de St. Balmont*. In this note she observed to him, that the ungentleman-like manner in which he had behaved to his sister-in-law, obliged him to resent it, and that he would give him with his sword that satisfaction which his letter had refused. The officer accepted the challenge, and repaired to the place appointed. Madame de St.

Balmont met him dressed in men's clothes.

They immediately drew their swords, and our heroine had the advantage of him; when, after having disarmed him, she said, with a very gracious smile you thought fit, I make no doubt, that you were fighting with *Le chevalier de St. Balmont*; it is, however *madame de St. Balmont* of that name who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of the ladies. She then left him covered with shame and confusion; and as the story goes, he immediately absented himself and no one ever saw him afterward. But be that as it may, this incident serving merely to inflame the courage of the fair challenger, she did not rest satisfied with merely preserving her estates by repelling force by force, but she afforded protection to many of the gentlemen in her neighborhood, who made no scruple to take refuge in her village, and to put themselves under her orders when she took the field, which she always did with success, her designs being executed with a prudence equal to her courage. I have often, says the abbé been in company with this extraordinary personage at the house of *madame de Feuquieres* wife to the celebrated marshal of that name at Verdun; and it was quite ridiculous to see how embarrassed she appeared in her female dress, and (after she had quitted it in the town) with what ease and spirit she got on horseback, and attended the ladies that were of her party, and whom she had left in her carriage in their little excursions into the country.

The manner of living, however, of *madame de St. Balmont*, so far removed from that of her sex, and which

which in all other females who have attempted it, has ever been found united with libertinism of manners, was in her accompanied with nothing that bore the least resemblance to it. When she was at home in time of peace her whole day was employed in offices of religion; in prayers, in reading the bible and books of devotion, in

visiting the poor of her parish, whom she was ever assisting with the most active zeal of charity. This manner of living procured her the admiration and esteem of persons of all descriptions in her neighborhood, and insured her a degree of respect that could not have been greater toward a queen.

DESCRIPTION of PEKIN, THE CAPITAL OF CHINA.

From Anderson's account of Lord Macartney's Embassy.

PEKIN, or as the natives pronounce it Petchen, the metropolis of the Chinese empire, is situated in one hundred and sixteen degrees of east longitude, and between forty, and forty one degrees of north latitude. It is defended by a wall that incloses a square space of about twelve leagues in circumference: there is a grand gate in the center of each angle, and as many lesser ones at each corner of the wall. They are very strongly arched and fortified by a square building, or tower, of seven stories, that springs from the top of the gateway: the sides of which are strengthened by a parapet wall, with port-holes for ordnance. The windows of this building are of wood, and painted to imitate the muzzle of a great gun which is so exactly represented, that the deception is not discoverable but on a near approach: there are nine of these windows to each story on the front towards the suburbs.

These gates are double; the first arch of which is very strongly built of a kind of free-stone, and not of marble as has been related by some writers the depth of it

is about thirty feet, and in the middle of the entrance is a very strong door, of six inches thick, and fortified with iron bolts; this archway leads to a large square which contains the barracks for soldiers, consisting of mean wooden houses of two stories: on turning to the left, the second gateway is seen, whose arch is of the same dimensions as that already described, but without the tower.

At each of the principal gates there is a strong guard of soldiers, with several pieces of ordnance placed on each side of the inner entrance. These gates are opened at the dawn of day, and shut at ten o'clock at night, after which hour all communication with the city from the suburbs is impracticable; nor will they be open on any pretence or occasion, whatever, without a special order from the principal mandarin of the city.

The four lesser gates defended by a small fort built on the wall, which is always guarded by a body of troops.

The wall is about thirty feet high and ten feet in breadth on the top. The foundation is of stone, and appears about two feet from the

the surface of the earth : the upper part is of brick, and gradually diminishes from the bottom to the top. Whether it is a solid structure or only filled up with mortar or rubbish, is a circumstance concerning which I could not procure any authentic information.

This wall is defended by out-works and batteries, at short distances from each other ; each of them being strengthened by a small fort, though none of the fortifications are garrisoned but those which are attached to the gates ; and though there is a breast work of three feet high, with port-holes for cannon, which crowns the whole length of wall, there is not a single gun mounted upon it. On the side toward the city, it is, in some places quite perpendicular ; and in others, forms a gentle declivity from the top to the ground. It is customary for bodies of soldiers to patrol the wall every night during the time that the emperor resides in the city, which is from October to April, when his imperial majesty goes to a favorite place in Tartary. From its perfect state of repair and general appearance, I should rather suppose it to be a modern erection, and that many years could not have passed away since it underwent a complete repair, or was entirely rebuilt.

The distance from the south gate, where we entered, to the east gate through which we passed out of the city, comprehends on the most moderate computation, a course of ten miles. The principal streets are equally spacious and convenient, being one hundred and forty feet in breadth, and of great length, but are only paved on each side for foot passengers. The police of the city, however spares no pains to keep the middle part clean,

and free from all kinds of nuisance, there being large bodies of scavengers continually employed for that purpose, who are assisted as well as controuled in their duty by soldiers stationed in every district, to enforce a due observance of the laws that have been enacted, and the regulations which have been framed, for preserving civil order among the people, and the municipal economies of this immense city. I observed as we passed along a great number of men who were sprinkling the streets with water, in order to lay the dust, which in dry weather would not only be troublesome to passengers, but very obnoxious also to the shops ; whose commodities must be more or less injured were it not for this beneficial and necessary precaution.

Though the houses at Pekin are low and mean, when considered with respect to size and domestic accommodation, their exterior appearance is very handsome and elegant, as the Chinese take a great pride in beautifying the fronts of their shops and dwellings ; the upper part of the former is ornamented with a profusion of golden characters ;—and on roofs of the latter are frequent galleries, rich in painting & other decoration ; where numerous parties of women are seen to amuse themselves according to the fashion of the country. The pillars, which are erected before the doors of the shops, are gilded and painted, having a flag fixed at the top, whose characters specify the name and business of the owner : tables are also spread with commodities, and lines attached to these pillars are hung with them.

I observed a great number of butchers shops whose mode of cutting up their meat resembles our own ; nor can the markets of London

London boast a better supply of flesh than is to be found in Pekin. My curiosity induced me to inquire the prices of their meat, and on my entering the shop, I saw on a stall before it an earthen stove, with a grid iron placed upon it; and on my employing a variety of signs to obtain the information I wanted, the butcher instantly began to cut off small thin slices of meat about a dozen of these slices, which might altogether weigh seven or eight ounces; and when I paid him, which I did by giving him a string of caxee, or small coin, he pulled off, as I suppose, the amount of his demand, which was one conderon, or ten caxee, the only current money in the empire. I saw numbers of people in other butcher's shops, as I passed along, regaling themselves in the same manner.

The houses for porcelain, utensils and ornaments, are peculiarly attractive, having a row of broad shelves ranged above each other, on the front of their shops, on which they dispose the most beautiful specimens of their trade in a manner full of fancy and effect.

Beside the variety of trades which are stationary in this great city, there are many thousands of its inhabitants who cry their goods about, as we see in our own metropolis. They generally have a bamboo placed across their shoulders, and a basket at each end of it, in which they carry fish, vegetables, eggs, and other similar articles. There are also great numbers of hawkers and pedlars, who go about with bags strapped on their shoulders like a knapsack, which contain various kinds of stuff goods, the folds of which are exposed to view. In selling these stuffs, they use the cubic measure of

sixteen inches. Barbers also are seen running about the streets in great plenty, with every instrument known in this country for shaving the head, and cleansing the ears: they carry with them for this purpose a portable chair, a portable stove, and a small vessel of water, and whoever wishes to undergo either of these operations, sits down in the street, while the operator performs his office, for which he receives a mace. To distinguish their profession, they carry a pair of large steel tweezers, which they open with their fingers, and let them close again with some degree of violence, which produces a shrill sound, that is heard at a considerable distance! and such is their mode of seeking employment. That this trade in China is a very profitable one, may be pronounced, because every man must be shaved on a part of the head where it is impossible to shave himself.

In several of the streets I saw persons engaged in selling off goods by auction: the auctioneer stood on a platform surrounded with the various articles he had to sell: he delivered himself in a loud and bawling manner, but the smiling countenances of the audience, which was the only language I could interpret, seemed to express the entertainment they received from his harangue.

At each end of the principal streets, for there are no squares in Pekin, there is a large gateway fancifully painted, with a handsome roof, coloured and varnished; beneath which the name of the street is written in golden characters: these arches terminate the nominal street, otherwise there would be streets in some parts of the city of at least five miles in length, which are formed into several divisions by

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these gateways. They are very handsome, as well as central objects and are railed in on each side from the foot pavement.

The narrow streets are enclosed at each end with small lattice gates, which are always shut during the night; but all the considerable streets are guarded both night and day by the soldiers, who wear swords by their sides, and carry long whips in their hands, to clear the streets of any inconvenient throng of people, and to chastise such as are refractory in ordinary decorum or good behavior.

Notwithstanding the vast extent of this place, there is little or no variety in their houses, as I have before observed, but in the colors with which they are painted; they are in reality nothing better than temporary booths, erected entirely for exterior shew, and without any view to strength or durability. It is very rare, indeed, to see a house of more than one story, except such as belong to mandarins, and even those are covered as it were, by the walls which rise above every house or building in Peking, except a lofty pagoda, and the imperial palace.

There are no carriages standing in the streets for the convenience of the inhabitants, like our hackney coaches in London: the higher classes of people keep palanquins, and others of less distinction have covered carts drawn by a horse or mule.

The opinion, that the Chinese women are excluded from the view of strangers, has very little, if any, foundation, as among the immense crowd assembled to see the cavalcade of the English embassy, one fourth of the whole at least were women; a far greater proportion of that sex than is to be

seen in any concourse of people whom curiosity assembles in our own country: and if the idea is founded in truth, that curiosity is a peculiar characteristic of the female disposition in Europe, I shall presume to say that, from the eagerness which we observed in the looks of the Chinese women, as we passed by them, that the quality which has just been mentioned is equally as prevalent among the fair ones of Asia.

The women we saw on our passage through Peking possessed, in general, great delicacy of feature, and fair skins by nature, with which, however, they are not content, and therefore whiten them with cosmetics; they likewise employ vermilion, but in a manner wholly different from the application of rouge among our European ladies, for they mark the middle of their lips with it, by a stripe of its deepest color, which, without pretending to reason upon it, certainly heightened the effect of their features. Their eyes are very small, but powerfully brilliant, and their arms extremely long and slender. The only difference between the women of Peking, and those we had already seen, as it appeared to us, was that the former wear a sharp peak of black velvet or silk, which is ornamented with stones, and descends from the bandages which have already been mentioned, where they are suffered to attain their natural growth.

When we had passed through the eastern gate of the city, some confusion having arisen among the baggage carts, the whole procession was obliged to halt. I, therefore, took the opportunity of easing my limbs, which were very much cramped by the inconvenience of the

machine, and perceiving a number of women, in the crowd that surrounded us, I ventured to approach them; and, addressing them with *Chouau*, (or beautiful) they appeared to be extremely diverted, and gathering round me, but with an air of great modesty and politeness, they examined the make and form of my clothes, as well as the texture of the materials with which they were composed. When the carts began to move off, I took leave of these obliging females, by a gentle shake of the hand, which they tendered to me with the most graceful affability; nor did the men, who were present, appear to be at all dissatisfied with my conduct, but, on the contrary, expressed, as far as I could judge, very great satisfaction at this public attention I paid to their ladies. It appears, therefore, that in this city, the women are not divested of a degree of their liberty, and, consequently, that the jealousy attributed so universally to the Chinese men is not a predominant quality, at least in the capital of the empire.

Among other objects which we saw in our way, and did not fail to attract our notice, we met a funeral procession, which proved to be a very striking and solemn spectacle: the coffin is covered by a canopy decorated with curtains of satin,

enriched with gold and flowers, and hung with escutcheons: it is placed on a large bier or platform and carried by at least fifty or sixty men, who support it on their shoulders with long bamboos crossing each other, and march eight abreast with slow and solemn step. A band of music immediately follows, playing a kind of dirge, which was not without a mixture of pleasing tunes: the relations and friends of the deceased person then followed, arrayed in black and white dresses.

Having passed through the eastern suburbs of the city, we entered into a rich and beautiful country, when a short stage of about four miles brought us to one of the emperor's palaces named *Yeumen-man-yeumen*, where we arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon, oppressed with fatigue from the extreme heat of the day, and the various impediments which obstructed our passage, arising from the immense crowds of people that may be said to have filled up the whole way from *Tong-tehew*, to this place, a journey of thirty miles.

In a short time after our arrival we received a very scanty and indifferent refreshment, when the whole suite retired to sleep off the fatigue of the day.

STORY of the GOUT and the FLEA,

FROM THE LOOKER-ON,

I Met with a comical little fable the other day, which perhaps may be as new to my readers, as it was to myself.

It happened on a certain day, that Gout and a Flea took into their heads to travel together. They proceeded sociably enough on their

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way till night drew on, and it became necessary to think of repose. As it was perfectly dark when they entered a large town, where they proposed to rest themselves, it was too late to seek for acquaintances, or to be particular about accommodations. That they might find

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a more easy reception, they agreed to go separately in search of lodgings; and so it fell out, that the Flea took up his quarters at the house of the worshipful mayor, while Gout was entertained by a poor fisherman who lived in the suburbs. The next morning our travellers met by times to prosecute their journey. After the first compliments had passed, they began to be particular in their mutual inquiries as to the manner in which the preceding night had been spent; for nothing could be more apparent than that neither had had his needful repose. "A murrain take this inhospitable town," cries Gout, as he limped along with pain and difficulty, "I never have been so scurvily treated in all my life. I had hardly got foot in the house of that rascally fisherman, before I was clapped into a jackboot, and tired as I was, carried out by this inhuman fellow into the midst of an eel pond, where I was kept three miserable hours up to my calf in water: judge if I have enjoyed a very refreshing repose. I never was happy in low company. Give me a gentleman, says I." "And give

me," returned the Flea, rubbing his eyes, and yawning piteously, "give me any thing rather than a gentleman. No sooner had I begun to stretch myself between the shoulder blades of Monsieur, the mayor, and taken a mouthful of supper, before such a riot was commenced, as was never heard before in the world: I thought all the elements were coming together to destroy me. The bell was rung a dozen times in a minute, and the room was presently filled with a set of the most determined assassins, that were ever met for the purposes of destruction. After being bruised in every part of my body, and hunted about for the space of two hours, I with great difficulty escaped with my life. My dear friend, we must contrive better in future: you are always boasting of your reception among the great, where you are seated on satin sofas, and have your toes as much regarded as if they were the pope's. In God's name keep these elegancies to yourself; but give me content and a cottage as long as I live."

Copy of a CURIOUS PAPER, or CHARM,

which the famous WORTLEY MONTAGUE wore about his neck, until the moment in which he died.

"THE original charm is written in Arabic, now in the possession of Signior Marfili, Professor of Botany at Padua. The present translation was done, not from the Arabic, but from an Italian version, which the proprietor had caused to be executed with great care and fidelity.

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, MISERICORDIA.

"We are told in the tales of Seech Gemalduddin Jusof (to

whom may the mercy of God be shewn) that Haliffa, the Lord of Credenti had in his service a hundred young slaves, all of whom were of extraordinary beauty. It happened one day that a black woman, called Mergian, was presented to him, for whom it was impossible to awaken the passions of whoever beheld her: to such a degree was she disgusting and deformed. The moment Haliffa saw her his affections were raised

to the greatest height. He fell in love, and neglected the other slaves. Day and night he lived only with her, and placed in her hands all his possessions. He could not be without her for a single moment, and consulted her in affairs of the utmost importance, to the great astonishment of the matrons and other slaves. By the divine permission she one day fell sick, and her infirmity continually increasing, was accomplished also in her that divine decree which circumscribes and renders inevitable the final close of mortal life. She was afterwards stripped to be buried. But this was not permitted by her enamored master, who for three days and three nights took no food not so much as a drop of water, and deplored his loss beyond the reach of consolation.

"The holy ministers of the Canon assembled about him, and by various exhortations prevailed on him to allow her to be interred. As they were carrying her body to its tomb, the following prayer fell from the ringlets of her hair, and was immediately carried to the Sovereign. As soon as he had read it, he desired to see the dead body; which then appeared even in his eyes; a frightful and deformed slave. He was struck with surprise and astonishment. When the ministers of the Court knew that Mergian no longer appeared beautiful in the eyes of her master, they discovered this change to be occasioned by the pious ejaculation which she had constantly worn. So that taking it from the hands of their Sovereign, and considering its substance, they declared it to be good, of incomparable accuracy, and worthy of their entire approbation. This ought to be worn about the person, or in the hair,

in order to feel its prodigious effects. It renders the person who wears it invulnerable to the darts of slander, preserves them from enchantments, and every other perverse operation of human malice, and gives duration and increase to prosperity and pleasure. Whoever doubts the efficacy of this relique, is certainly both Atheist and Infidel. May the Lord God preserve us from such blindness :

PRAYER.

"I implore the aid of thee, O most high God, to whom are due both homage and praise; who by thine own inscrutable means hast established poverty and riches : of thee, inhabitant of the empyrean firmament, munificent and liberal, who canst give life to things inanimate : of thee, who hast created man, woman and invisible spirits ; who canst preserve to us that which thou hast given us ; who canst dispose at thy pleasure all things upon earth ; King of kings, and Author of the Books of the Holy Law ; of thee from whom are derived all merits and all graces, endued with infinite power and greatness. Lord of the World and of Eternity - God Omnipotent, whose divine attributes I worship with all humility. I invoke that aid which thou hast promised me ! Thou who hast created the darkness, and the light of the sun, and of the moon : who hast distinguished and separated the days from the nights ; who hast made the Heavens and all that is therein ; who with provident counsel hast created Paradise and Hell ; who hast made to appear thy wisdom in the Koran, ornament of true believers ; in the creation of Adam and Eve, and in that of Enoch ; in the invention of the ark of Noah ; in the events with which the life

life of Abraham has been accompanied; of Ismael, of Joseph, of Jacob, of Job, of Zachariah, of Lot, of David, of Locman, the wise man of Arabia, of Moses, of Jesus, and of Maria: Thou who art the creator of the earth and of the sea; the Author of the Mosaic Law, of the Gospel, and of the Psalms of David: Thou who hast instituted the holy pilgrimage to Mecca; who inspirest mildness and

persuasion into the Prophets, among whom thou hast in an especial manner distinguished Mahomet: who hast given sometimes to the astonishment of mankind, the power of speech to brutes; who art the Guardian of the human race, do thou guard me and keep me in thy grace; since there is neither power nor virtue except in thee, alone, O God, great, sublime and munificent."

HELPS for MEMORY.

AS memory is the storehouse of knowledge, it may be of use to point out a few methods for enlarging it, or accommodating its present size to a more convenient disposal of its contents. Those who labor under any defects in the nature of this faculty, should carefully attend to them, and apply suitable remedies.

The state of the memory principally depends on that of the brain, and if the latter be too hot or too cold, the former will suffer loss. A proper mixture of heat and cold is most favourable to memory. Lord Bacon, in some part of his works, prescribes particular medicines for restoring it to a just balance, where it is wanting. Our own experience, however, will teach us how to act in many cases. Too much sleep, by stupifying the head, and too little, by inflaming it, are extremes equally pernicious to the attainment of learning. The student must avoid nightly watchings and morning slumbers, as he would intemperance, which is not less fatal to the mind.

Having seen how the brain is disposed by nature, our care must be directed to the application of it as it respects memory. We should be careful not to commit things to

be remembered, till they are well digested, and accurately understood; the views of the mind should be clear and pointed. Every object of thought should be reviewed in succession, and canvassed with a scrupulous exactness. When there is an imperfect comprehension of ideas, the knowledge resulting is unimportant and transitory. There can be no extensive degree of retention, without understanding. The traces which ideas, passing through the brain, leave upon it, are deeper, or fainter, in proportion to the vigor of conception. Men who think superficially, are seldom retentive: impressions follow one another sufficiently quick, but, like circles in the water, they vanish as soon as they are made. Inattention is the source of this imperfection. They are at no pains to examine their ideas, to compare them with each other, and discern their agreement or difference. Hence their ideas are retained for a short time, and the mind is always kept in a state of blank.

Besides a just understanding, *method* is also necessary. It not only assists us in the act of committing to memory, but will serve to retain or recall ideas which appear

pear to be lost. Every one's experience shews the advantages of method. For example, how easily the scholar gets off any passage from an author who observes a connection of thought; while the same number of lines, composed of independent sentences, cost him infinite labor, and perhaps are at last badly committed. When there is no bond of union amongst our conceptions, but only a random relation to each other, it cannot be expected that the mind should be ready in recollection, or dexterous in passing from one thing to another.

As man is constantly busy in amassing materials of knowledge, he would be embarrassed how to adapt the whole to useful ends, if he had not the art of *connecting ideas of the same species or class*. When any new idea is acquired, it should be immediately annexed to that bundle of them peculiar to it. Thus knowledge is divided into parts or sections, according to its quality; and, upon each addition, the mind takes a general survey of that part of it to which the newly-entered idea belongs. Hence arises a double advantage, viz. of imprinting fresh ideas, and recovering the memory of old ones.

Nothing can be more prejudicial to literary acquisitions than that hurry of mind to which some busy spirits are subjected. *Coolness and deliberation*, on which the formation of true ideas, as well as the retention of them, is dependent, belong to souls inclined to peace and tranquility. How can memory exercise her powers amidst tumult and distraction! There must be no intellectual commotion while a train of thought is carried on; but the utmost composure should be studied.

Whatever is read, or thought,

should be the subject of conversation. It is of inconceivable help to memory, by deepening impressions on the mind, and evincing how far our studies have been well digested. Conversation like a mirror, discovers our imperfections in knowledge, and often removes the flattering opinions which we had formed of our powers.

Writing also has a very impressive tendency. Whoever is at pains to write out any thing in a fair legible hand, will facilitate the business of memory. The act of writing, fixing the attention on each letter and word, the mind, in recollection, easily recalls them in the order of succession, and joins sentences or paragraphs, according to their relative places. It is Plato, surely, who remarks that writing is apt to produce carelessness; and by releasing memory from the severity of her task, to weaken her capacity. But this objection holds not good in experience. Writing is generally found to strengthen weak memories, and to render strong ones accurate.

Care must be taken not to overcharge the memory. Small portions must employ its first essays, and a gradual increase be made, according to its power. If it be too much strained, it will lose its elasticity and force, and, like a weak body oppressed with weight, grow in imbecility. A few trials will convince a person to what point he may safely go; and to exceed it, is not only ineffectual to any good purpose, but, as before observed hurtful. Many teachers, from neglecting to estimate the strength of boy's memories, often do them a serious injury, for which nothing can compensate.

There have been many devices formed for assisting the memory, upon

upon the ingenious scheme of Simonides ; but all of them are tedious and confined. The best way for acquiring a sound memory, is by a moderate and constant exercise of that faculty. All habits are strengthened by practice ; and me-

mory will as soon yield the fruit of it as any other. To improve the power of retention, should be the constant care of the student, in order that industry and improvement may attend each other, as uniformly as cause can effect.

On the CONVERSE and COMMUNICATION of our IDEAS to the WORLD.

Illos juvant immemorata ferentes

Ingennis oculisque legi, manibusque teneri.

HORACE.

MORE noble employments do not engage the mind of man, than when he is busy in unfolding his latent powers towards the benefit and instruction of his fellow creatures. On this account I esteem it no small calamity when it falls to the lot of youth, whose minds have been enriched in the paths of literature, whose bosoms still glow with enthusiastic ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, to be cut off from the intercourse of rational society, and enchained either to the frivolous discourse of the unlearned, or abandoned to the ills of book-taught philosophy. That some advantages may appertain to both these situations I do not deny ; but who will dare to contend, that the school for man does not exist in the broad basis of a general and unlimited intercourse with every rank of society ? To establish my assertion, I will enter more fully into a consideration of the subject.

The end of our existence was evidently intended not for the benefit of ourselves alone, but that of fellow-creatures. Of the truth of this I need only appeal to the feelings of the benevolent mind : he feels it not merely a duty his religion commands him to perform, when he is alleviating their distresses, but the genial flame of philanthropy insensibly warms his soul,

and he imparts its cheering rays, not only from a conviction that he is doing what is right, but from an instinctive impulse of the heart. With such a state of mind may we reasonably suppose man was originally endued, 'till the baser passions first took root within him, and contaminated that innate goodness he originally possessed. From this nobler exercise of the mind the gradation is by no means small, nor the analogy inconsistent, when we consider the coincidence which there exists between his physical and mental faculties.

As we were not all endowed with an equal share of reason, as we do not all possess the same foresight, or the same feelings, the love of our friends, the love of our country, the love of fame, naturally call aloud for a communication of the superior knowledge we may enjoy. It is not my purpose to enter into the various methods each man will take to diffuse his knowledge, or the reasons which may induce him to counterfeit the real language of his heart, and mislead his fellow creatures. It is enough to shew that we are all eager to convey instruction, and unwilling to let our intellectual faculties lie dormant. From this it evidently appears, that the use of our reason, as well as the fine emotions

tions of the heart, were intended for the benefit of others as well as ourselves.

Let us next consider the advantages of thus communicating ourselves to the world. The tyranny and despotism Rome experienced under its last Emperors, promoted the total extinction of every spark of literature, art, and science which it originally boasted; and at length plunged the whole of Europe into a state of Gothic barbarity. The spirit of improvement being thus extinguished, and its benefits destroyed, there remained no incentive to awake the mind, till that happy change in liberty took place, and the flame of genius was again re-kindled under the reign of Charlemagne and our renowned Alfred. And although the feudal system tended to the production of another age of darkness, there still remained some whose minds were not wholly unacquainted with literature, or insensible to its utility. In this state of ignorance we might have remained to this day, had these expositors of literature, these projectors of art and science, suffered their different improvements to have been buried in their own breasts, or confined to the knowledge of a few; but we happily find the bright sun of literature set in our western hemisphere, but to shine in redoubled splendor.

Let us pursue it farther by considering the information we derive from the intercourse there exists between one nation and another. Not satisfied with a knowledge of the various productions his own country affords, the enterprising spirit will dare to explore the customs and manners, the arts and inventions other countries enjoy. Engaged in such an undertaking, an honest enthusiasm infuses a spi-

rit of discovery within him, supports him in the midst of dangers, buoys him up with the advantages his fellow-citizens will receive; and when his resolutions begin to fail, when his spirits begin to droop, a greater name than patriots can boast, or conquerors aspire to, will again inspire him with fresh vigor in his undertaking, and in the end will crown him with laurels such as lovers of mankind richly deserve.

Nor do I believe that Columbus, in prosecuting his discovery of America, was actuated by any other motives than the benefits of his country, or that any thing short of this laudable and noble spirit of enthusiasm could have supported him in so great an enterprize. Human foresight cannot remove the veil from futurity, nor is it to be wished it could; and although the bloodshed, misery, and ruin, entailed on many innocent inhabitants of that country, is a scene the feeling mind cannot contemplate without the most lively emotions of pity and disgust; yet the enlightened minds many of the inhabitants now possess, contrasted with their former ignorance and superstition, and the advantages posterity have received, are such treasures as make Columbus and other discoverers, in my opinion, characters worthy of our utmost admiration, and well entitle them to the name of the patriots of mankind at large.

I will now descend from its grand advantages to those which are more relative to the public good of our own day, and result more nearly to ourselves as individuals. Was every man to make known the various projects and discoveries his own mind might suggest, in what lustre would philosophy and
its

its appendencies then shine. The noblest discoveries have originated from the most trivial incidents and the greatest geniuses have not disdained to attend to the lessons of their progenitors. Newton projected the laws of gravity from the fall of an apple, and rose to his sublimity of character on the foundation laid by Bacon and Boyle. And let me ask the man of genius, in what employment does he find delight more exquisite than when the mind is exerting its powers in all their unbounded and gigantic forms? This of itself is pleasure sufficient to compensate for the many solitary hours genius must endure, and the many social enjoyments it must be debarred the felicity of enjoying; and yet even this, added to the approbation of a man's own mind, is but a secondary enjoyment, and an imperfect sensation, however pleasing a one it may be. Man is not an insulated being, shut out from the pale of society, that the fulfilment of his labors should be completed in the rewards and satisfaction his own breast may image to itself. There is a chasm to be filled: his fellow creatures demand a participation of his works, and in that reciprocation of ideas which there exists between man and man, must he look for the fullness of reward. His private speculations, if they proceed no farther than his closet, tend no more to public utility than the natural benevolence of his own heart. How would the moral instructions of an Addison, the profound researches of a Johnson, and

the benevolent intentions of an Howard, be depreciated, had they been confined to their own separate narrow sphere! In justification of such conduct he may alledge the uncertainty of public favor and approbation; that the most perfect are not free from the machinations of envy and slander, and the thousand instances of the partial and biassed opinion of the world. But this surely is not the doctrine the liberal and enlightened would inculcate—it is childish and futile.—It is not at all consistent with reason to suppose that among a multitude no person is to be found whom jealousy has left untainted, and whose opinion is immaculate.—There is not a single Mævius who does not blame the public for their blindness to the beauties of his works; and are not the works of Mævius worthy of obscurity?

It is in the service therefore of our fellow creatures we ought to employ what superior faculties we enjoy. On this the very enjoyment of our lives depends; for, without a friendship and connection with each other, what are the comforts of life? And by the ordeal of the public opinion, the usefulness of our endeavors must be tried. From this the selfish only will fly with precipitation, and the illiberal alone will fear to contend. Where is the man who will avow himself regardless of its favor? In vain does his fancied independent spirit buoy him up; the world he defies rises up in judgment against him, and weak indeed is his single arm against it.

CRITO.

ON

ON THE DESIRE OF PLEASING.

—O—
Tenet insanabile multos.—
—O—

THE desire of pleasing is among the chief anxieties incident to the human mind, and may be reckoned a very striking instance of the victory of hope over repeated disappointment. Even those who take but little pains to please, acknowledge that they would not be sorry to succeed : but with the majority of mankind, the desire to please predominates over a thousand failures, and seldom leaves them until the decline of life, when memory of the past becomes weak, and prospects of a very different kind begin to open. The approbation of our fellow creatures is highly gratifying to our nature, and the humblest will not be ashamed to own that this is a vanity to which they are seldom superior.

But amid all the varied efforts of man, we find scarcely any that more frequently ends in disappointment than this. It has been repeated so often as to become a proverb, that it is impossible to please every one ; and if, when convinced of our error, we changed our system, this truth would long ago have had a more general influence on our practice. The desire to please, however, outlives every other ambition, and we pursue the phantom from day to day, unchecked by disappointment, and unmoved by neglect. Such at least is the case with the bulk of mankind ; for with those who think and feel, whose experience improves their lives, while it adds to their knowledge, the desire of pleasing is

moderated by the means, and the approbation of some others is no longer sought, than it has previously been secured within their own minds. A few there are indeed, who have felt the bitterness of disappointment so severely, as to relinquish all thoughts of pleasing others, and falling from one extreme into another, determine, that since they cannot please all, it is not worth while to please any.

Men of strong minds are possessed of decided characters, characters improveable by experience, but not changeable by whim. They see and know the impossibility of pleasing all mankind ; and they moderate their expectations. But all men have not firmness of mind and character. The pliant tempers of some render their lives a perpetual slavery to the caprices of those around them, and the self-int rest of others creates in them a desire of pleasing, which is merely artificial, and which they practice mechanically. Examples of this may be seen in the smile of the courtier, the plausible language of the author, and the grin of the shopman. Yet how vain all these attempts are, who is there that has not witnessed in others, or experienced in himself ? Nay, characters of a more sincere cast, *good men* in all situations find that their success in the art of pleasing, is confined to a very small part of that number they were anxious to please. And even where we think we have succeeded, where we think we have acquired popularity, or conciliated

liated esteem, we soon become sensible that our acquisition is not to be retained, and if our happiness is concerned, we find to our sorrow that we have entrusted to others, what we ourselves only could keep.

It is impossible to please every body, is the consoling reflection which softens a thousand disappointments. It is an expressed, not a tacit encomium on ourselves, meaning that we have attempted what is impossible, and that it is no discredit to have failed where none have succeeded. The glory of the attempt is considered as something to boast of, although it may be questioned whether it be a compensation for the disappointment. Men often attempt what is impossible, with full assurance from the experience of others that it is so, yet with a degree of confidence in success, which, however common, is not very consistent. The truth is, self love, or self conceit, inclines us to think that there is something in our case that may form an exception. Every adventurer in the lottery is convinced that one only can carry off the great prize, but every adventurer takes the liberty to think that that one must be himself. That time is precarious, and death certain, are convictions of a similar kind, yet how few think that their own time flies, and their own death approaches?

It is impossible to please every body, is the consolation of the statesman, when his popularity is on the wane; of the politician, whose schemes have been rejected; of the divine, who sends away half his congregation in ill humor, and whose next effort is made to empty pews; of the tradesman, whose customers have deserted him; and

of the author, whose works are read by few. Indeed, the latter class of men are exposed to many more disappointments than the others. They are liable to be rejected by the ignorant, who cannot understand; by the wealthy, who will not read, by the critics, who are pleased with finding fault; and by the churl, who is determined not to be pleased at all.

It is necessary, therefore, to possess a higher consolation than is derived from the vain reflection that we cannot perform that which is impossible; and such consolation is not in the power of any man to possess; the due performance of our duty may fall short of the expectations of some, but if it be according to our best abilities and judgment, it cannot fail to give satisfaction to all whom to please is an object of consequence. It is impossible that our conduct, thus regulated, can forfeit the good opinion of any man of reflection. It may excite envy, provoke to jealousy, and even incur the malignity of revenge, but it must nevertheless be the theme of approbation. If we adhere to our duty, unambitious of applause, and unmoved by censure, we inevitably attract the one, and disappoint the other. Censure, in this case if rightly understood, is really applause, for who would entertain the vain hope of pleasing both the good and the bad? *Laudari a laudato viro* to be praised by them whom all men praise, is a merit of a very superior kind. Of the rest of mankind we ought to take no account, or at least not to think so highly of their approbation as to court it by sinister means, by concessions which are degrading or compliances which are unmanly or wicked.

In the performance of certain of the duties of life, some men have fallen into an error which, although not very common, is to be mentioned, that it may, in every possible case be avoided. They are so much pleased with the bare performance of that duty, as to think themselves above all the common modes of civility and gentleness, and that if their morals are secure, they may dispense with manners. Such men do you a favour, as if they intended to knock you down, pay a debt in the way of business, as if their intention was to commit a robbery. Urbanity, however, is itself a duty, it enters as a very powerful and pleasing ingredient in the composition of philanthropy, and I know of no precept or example in sacred or prophane writing which can justify the neglect of it. If it proceeds from the temper, it is too often incurable, or very difficult to cure, but a good man will notwithstanding try what can be done, or he will endeavor to compensate by those extraordinary exertions of active benevolence, which we are always ready to take in exchange for polite professions, and affected kindness. Mildness of address, affability, gentleness of manners, or in a word, all that we understand by good breeding, or politeness, are perfectly consistent with piety and virtue, and where they serve to soothe the surface of life, and remove asperities; where they serve to attract men to the imitation of better qualities, of which they are but the ornaments, who would not wish to cultivate them? It is certainly impossible to please every body, but no man is displeased because he is treated with civility, and no man I may venture to affirm, was ever in love with rudeness, and harsh manners.

To conclude. May we not argue, that to please all men is not more an impossibility than an absurdity? May not we say, in the energetic language of Johnson, "It would be impossible, if it were endeavored, and it would be foolish if it were possible?" Our pursuits are bounded in a certain degree. It may be our lawful interest and our harmless desire to please a certain number, but beyond them neither our interest nor our pleasures can lie. And it must be repeated, that every effort we make which is inconsistent with our duty, which takes from our virtue, impairs justice, or vitiates truth, however successful such an effort may be, is a meanness of which we cannot fail to be ashamed, and an acquisition which we cannot long keep. The writer who flatters his readers, smooths over their follies, and encourages their vices, may please some, and among those may be the persons whom it is his interest to please, but he has departed from the manly dignity of genius, and has incurred the imputation of prostitution. The tradesman, who fearful of the loss of business, behaves with equal civility and equal gratitude to the poorest, as well as the richest of his friends, has done his utmost to give universal satisfaction. But when he cringes only to the rich, and violates truth to all, he ought to remember that servility is followed by contempt, and that a lie may be detected.

SENTIMENT.

THEY who can set a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender well meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in the world.

STORY

STORY OF RENEE CORBEAU.

IN the year 1594, a young Norman gentleman entered the University at Angers, to study the civil law. Renée Corbeau was the daughter of a tradesman in the same town. She was young, prudent and handsome, and possessed an extraordinary share of understanding and wit. But these brilliant qualities were tarnished by a fault, of which philosophers make but little account, but which, in the eyes of the world was deemed unpardonable—Renée Corbeau was poor. The young student no sooner beheld this amiable lady, than he became enamored, and had the good fortune to inspire her with an equal passion. So rapid was the progress of their mutual flame, that in a few weeks he made her an offer of marriage, and, in the transports of his affection, gave her a promise in his hand writing. It was too in one of these transporting intervals, that the poor young lady forgot her prudence: so mighty and sudden is the success of love in overthrowing that structure of modesty, which whole years of admonition and discipline have been spent in erecting.

The effects of this amour could not long be concealed; and the unhappy girl was obliged to tell the sad tale to her mother, who disclosed it to her father. It was now past the season for reproaches: all that was left them, was to lay their heads together to discover the best remedy which the case admitted. After a reasonable consultation, it was agreed that the parents should feign a design of going into the country that same evening, while

the daughter on this pretext, was to give an interview to her lover at their own house, so that thus they might be surprised together. The contrivance succeeded entirely, the lover was surprised, and, in the first emotions of his fear, confessed himself ready to enter into any engagement that would be deemed most satisfactory. Not to lose this opportunity, they pressed him upon his word, and forced him to sign a contract of marriage. This business was scarcely transacted, in a regular form by a Notary, before this young gentleman felt his passion unaccountably chilled, and a sense of compulsion gave the engagement into which he had entered, the colour of an odious obligation. He quitted his mistress in two or three days after this transaction with very little ceremony, and repaired to his father to whom he related his story from beginning to end. The father was, as the fathers often are, to the true interests of his child, and determined against any match for his son that was not brilliant in point of fortune and connexion. In this difficulty, the only means of escaping, was by entering immediately into holy orders; a proposition to which the son readily agreed.

Renée Corbeau received the intelligence of this cruel transaction with such grief and indignation, as was natural in her situation. Her parents determined to revenge her infamy, and entered into a prosecution of the perjured seducer. The affair was referred to Commissioners from the Parliament of Paris of which Mons. de Villeray

was

was President. Here the whole proceeding being traced and laid open, its iniquity appeared so flagrant in the eyes of the judges, that the culprit was condemned to lose his head, unless he chose to fulfil his engagement; and this was rendered impossible, by his entrance into holy orders, it was decreed that the sentence of decapitation should be executed. He had only a short time given him to prepare himself, with the aid of his confessor, for his approaching dissolution.

In the mean time, the heart of Renée Corbeau was cruelly torn, when she considered what a lamentable end her excessive love was on the point of bringing upon its object. She was unable to support this idea; and, in a distracted state of mind, rushed into the hall where the judges were yet assembled. Here, with such eloquence as grief inspired, she thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, I now come to present before you a lover, the most wretched that the cruelties of fortune have ever afflicted. In condemning to death that dear person, you pronounce the same sentence upon me—upon me whom you have judged more unfortunate than culpable. Nay, the very infamy of his death will rebound to me; and I shall die, alas, as dishonored as I have lived. You have done this to repair the wound my honor has received; but in doing it, you have doubled my disgrace, and have made me an object of detestation to the world. How can you reconcile such a conduct with the justice you profess? You were men before you were judges, and have some of you felt what lovers feel: yes, you have felt enough to paint to your imaginations the torment which one that so dearly loves must feel, when she can re-

proach herself with being the cause of death, of a miserable death, to the object of her passion. Tell me if ye are men, and sympathize like men, is there in the compass of your decrees a punishment equal to this terrible idea? To condemn me to the scaffold would be a blessing in comparison. I am now going, sirs, to open your eyes. I have hitherto concealed my crime, that your decision might be favorable to me: but, urged by remorse, I can no longer dissemble my guilt. It was I that loved the first—I communicated the flame which was consuming me. I was the seducer—I was the instrument of my own dishonor. Spare an innocent person—spare my love; and let your punishments fall upon the real offender. He has indeed engaged in holy orders to avoid the necessity of fulfilling his contract. But this is not his own action: it is the action of a barbarous father, whom he had no power to resist. Is it right in you, who are fathers, to postpone the duties of a child, to the duties of a lover? But how can you retract your first decree? You condemned my lover to death, *unless* he performed his promise to me; and then, by your second award, you precluded that option which you first had allowed. You permit him a mockery of choice, and then choose for him what his own heart would of course have rejected. That he may yet marry me in spite of the profession he has embraced, who can doubt? Although, in truth, I am nothing but an ignorant girl, my love prompts my tongue, and gives me knowledge upon this occasion. Ah! what science could not such love as mine inspire me with, if its interests required it! Yes, I know, and you, sirs, know also, that an ecclesiastic

ecclesiastic may marry with a dispensation from the Pope. The Legate from His Holiness is expected soon to arrive, and he has all the plenitude of the papal power. I will ask myself—on my knees I will beg this dispensation, and I know I shall obtain it. My love is a match for all obstacles. Oh! deign then to suspend the execution of your decree till the legate arrives. Though you still persist in thinking the crime of my lover enormous, ah! consider in your clemency, what crime, is not all the apparatus and shew of death, that has already moved before his eyes, sufficient to expiate? Are you still inflexible? then refuse me not the consolation

of dying under the same axe with my lover."

The Judges were melted, and suspended the Decree; but the Legate was so struck with the iniquity of the young man's conduct, that he would grant the dispensation to no instances or tears. Distracted with the disappointment, Renée Corbeau rushed into the presence of the King, and threw herself at his feet. It was Henry the Fourth, and afflicted beauty was imploring his assistance;—little more need be said. The kind Monarch himself became her advocate, and easily obtained the dispensation. The marriage was immediately celebrated and became the happiest in all France.

ANECDOTES of EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS.

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES:

"1738. **T**HEY have found a way in the City to borrow 30,000*l.* for the prince, at ten per cent. interest, to pay his *growing debts* to the Tradespeople. But I doubt that the sum will not go very far. The salaries in the prince's family are 25,000*l.* a year, besides a good deal of expence at Clifden in building and furniture; and the prince and princess's allowance for their cloaths is 6000*l.* a year each. I am sorry there is such an increase of expence more than in former times, when there was more money a great deal. And I really think it would have been more for the Prince's interest, if his counsellors had advised him to live only as a *great man*, and to give the reasons for it; and in doing so he would have made a

better figure, and been safer; for nobody that does not get by it themselves, can possibly think the contrary method a *right one*."

"*Sarah Dutcheffs of Marlborough's Opinion;* 12mo.
p. 99.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In the year 1564 Buchanan made some elegant verses upon the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with Lord Darnley, and also on a diamond ring in the form of a heart, which Mary sent in the same year to Elizabeth Queen of England. They are published in an account of the life and writings of George Buchanan by Mons. Le Clere, and may be thus translated:

This gem behold, the emblem of
my heart,

From

From which my cousin's image
ne'er shall part!

Clear in its lustre, spotless does it
shine,

As clear, as spotless, is this heart
of mine!

What tho' the stone a greater
hardness wears,

Superior firmness still the figure
bears,

King James the first gave this
ring to sir Thomas Warner. It
is now in the possession of his
great-grandson.

MARTIN LUTHER.

This great man in his "*Table-Talk*" says, "The High Germans more affect the truth than Italians, Spaniards, English, &c. which their language do demonstrate. The French write otherwise than they speak, and speak otherwise than they mean. My countrymen the Germans love drinking too much; they are possessed with a thirsty devil called *Quaff*."

SIR GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

Sir George was envoy at the court of Ratisbon, and wrote the following letter from that city to Mr. Dryden:

"You know I am no flatterer, and therefore will excuse me when I tell you, I cannot endure you should arrogate a thing to yourself you have not the least pretence to: it is enough you excell in so many eminent vertues, but you must bee putting in for vice, which all the world knows is properly my province? If you persist in your claim to Laziness, you will be thought as affected in it as Montagne is when he complains of the want of memory. What soull has ever been more active than your own, what countrey, nay

what corner of the earth, has it not travelled into? whose bosome has it not dyved into, and informed itselfe there so perfectly of all the secrets of mens hearts, that only the Great King whose image it bears knowes them better? I, whose every action of my life is a wittnes of my idlenesse, little thought that you, who have raic'd so many imortall monuments of your industry, durst have set up to be my rival: But to punish you I will distinguish. You have no share of that noble laziness of the mind, which all I write make out my just title to; but as for that of the body, I can let you come in for a snack, without any jealousy.

"Tho' I have not been able formerly to forbear playing the fool in verse and prose, I have now judgement enough to know how much I ventured, and am rather amazed at my good fortune then vain upon a little success, and did I not feel my own error, the commendation you give me would be enough to persuade me of it. A woman who has been luckily thought agreeable, has not reason to be proud when she hears herselfe extravagantly prayd by undoubted beauty: it would be a pretty thing for a man who has learned of his own head to scrape on the fiddle, to enter into the list with the greatest men in the science of musick; it is not to contend with you in writing, but to vie without you in kyndness that makes me fond of your correspondence, and I hope my want of art in friendship will make you forgoatt the faults it makes me commit in writing. I have not time to acquaint you how I lyke my employment; nature no more intended me for a politician then she did you for a courtier; but since I am embark'd I will

will endeavor not to be wanting in my duty ; it concerns me nearly, for should I be shipwrecked, the season is too far gone to expect another adventure. The conversation I have with the ministers here improves me dayley, more in philosophy than in policy, and shows me that the most necessarie part of it is beter to be learn'd in the wide world, than in the gardens of Epicurus.

"I am glad to hear your son is in the office, hoping now and then by your favor to have the benefit of a letter from him. Pray tell Sir Henry these, his honesty and good understanding have me love him ever since I knew him ; if we meet in England againe he may find the gravity of this place has fitted me for his Spanish humor. I was so pleased with reading your letter, that I was vexed at the last proof you gave me of your laziness, the not finding in your heart to turn over the peaper : in that you have had the better of me ; but I will always renounce that darling sin rather than omitt any thing which may give you an assurance of my being faithfully and &c.

"George Etheridge."

Extract from an original letter of Mr. Wigmore, under secretary of state, to Sir Geo. Etheridge, copied from Sir George's correspondence with the Scotch College at Ratisbon.

"Last night was buried Mad. Ellen Gwyn, the D. of St. Alban's mother. She has made a very formal will, and died richer than she seemed to be whilst she lived. She is said to have died piously and pe-

nitently ; and as she dispensed several charities in her life time, so she left several such legacies at her death ; but what is much admired is, she died worth and left to D. of St. Alban's, *vivis & modis*, about 1,000,000l. sterling, a great many say more, few less."

===== FONTENELLE, was a man much liked in society. He was a man of pleasantry, and at the same time a man of indifference. A Lady one day asked Montesquieu how Fontenelle came to be so well received in company, "Because he has no strong attachments." Some one asked Fontenelle, one day, if he had ever written any epigrams. "Yes," said he, "I have had the folly to write many, but I never had the malignity to publish one," The Regent asked Fontenelle one day, what he was in general to think of the different verses that were addressed to him. "Sir," replied he, "that they are good for nothing : and ninety-nine times in a hundred you will think rightly."

===== GODEAU. Bishop of Grasse, in one of his Poems, speaking of the art of medicine, says,

Cette art qui fait le meurtra avec impunitè,
Et dans notre foiblesse accroit l'austeritè.

The art of Physic with a licence kills,
And keeps its empire by our fancied ills.



CABINET OF APOLLO.

Original Poetry.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

STANZAS.

YE steady to truth and to love,
Forgive me this wand'ring of mind ;
Ah! do but forgive and approve,
When whispers my SALLY she's kind.

For the absence of Polly I've wept,
I've pin'd at the loss of my fair ;
Had vows, pledg'd so sacred been kept,
My breast ne'er had swell'd with despair.

But away, stern despair; for a maid,
The sweetest, the loveliest, e'er seen,
Has heal'd my heart's wounds as they bled,
And bade me no longer complain.

The charms of my fair can I paint,
Her mind so adorn'd so improv'd,
Her heart on the virtues so bent ;
Her manners so sweet so belov'd.

What enchantment, what magic her eyes ;
'Tis heaven to see her but move ;
When she smiles, nor is great the surprise,
E'en ENVY is softened to LOVE !

No more shall Love's doubts, or alarms,
E'er wreak my fond bosom again ;
For repos'd in my SALLY's fair arms,
Contented through life, I'll remain.

STREPHON.

SELECTED for the MAS. MAGAZINE.

[From an elegant collection of poetry entitled "*the Family Tablet*."]

EPISTLE TO MYRA.

SWIFT flee the joys of life away,
Like visions at the dawn of day ;

No

No human efforts can retain
These airy phantasms of the brain ;
Pleas'd with our dreams, we gaily smile,
Nor think 'tis dreaming all the while.

When Fancy waves her magic wand,
And holds our Reason at command,
The brightest images appear,
And music greets the enraptured ear :
Bright shines the sun ; the air is balm ;
Hush'd are the winds ; the ocean calm ;
The trees their grateful foliage spread ;
The mountain rears its lofty head ;
Rivers in wild meanders stray,
Along their banks the lambskins play ;
The liveliest verdure clothes the plains ;
Birds tune their notes in blithsome strains ;
The sweetest music fills the grove,
And all the yielding air is love.
These and ten thousand things untold,
—For Fancy's power is uncontroul'd—
Compose a scence of gay delight ;
We wake—it vanisheth from sight.

So transient, Myra, Heaven's decree
—Ordain'd all earthly joys to be ;
Nor let the statue wond'rous seem,
Since life itself is but a dream.

Thus while with thee I pass'd the day,
Wing'd with delight flew time away ;
Thy smiles dispell'd each rising care,
—Smiles that makes beauty's self more fair,
Thy voice spake raptures to my breast ;
Thy bosom charm'd my soul to rest ;
Th' Hymenial torch full brightly shone ;
Myra and bliss were all my own.—
—Tis past alas ! that day is o'er ;
Myra and bliss are mine no more ;
Hills, mountains, rivers, intervene,
Dissolve the charm, and close the scene.
I wake—The phantoms flit away ;
'Twas but the vision of a day.

So, Myra, life in vision fades,
Made up of Phantoms, fleeting shades ;
Soon will its scenes dissolve in air,
And mem'ry scarce tell, "Such things were."

Then be our aim for yonder skies ;
The dream of Life bids us—be wise !
To loftier scenes of bliss aspire,
Where bosoms glow with heavenly fire,
Where joys celestial fill the soul,
And years of endless pleasure roll.

There may our kindred spirits meet,
There may our joys be all complete ;
The visions of vain life be o'er,
And dreams of bliss delude no more !

MYRON.

THE

THE PILGRIM.

From the Royal Captives, 4 vol. by Mrs. Yearsley.

WANDER! nor pause within the haunt of man,
The brook and bramble yield repast to thee,
Whose soul has form'd her solitary plan,
To whom wild Nature yields her region free.

The rising sun is thine, the sultry noon,
Grey-footed morning, and the evening star;
The midnight shadow, when the silent moon,
Half horn'd, on ending space is seen afar.

Thine virgin dew, reviving zephyr thine:
Round thee the fragrance of the valley plays;
To thee, the thunder rolling o'er the line,
Affords but mimic horror and decays.

Thou, blest by heav'nly patience, here ly'st down
On bed of new mown hay, or fern, or sod;
Thy temples seem to wear an azure crown,
Thy dreams point upwards to a smiling God.

Grant these fair visions vanish with the night,
What sensual banquet yields so pure a joy?
Thy heart beats humbly, full of fine delight,
Thy mem'ry holds it, for it near can cloy.

Dear envy'd pilgrim! travel on, or know
My deep affliction—liberty be thine!
To old Jerusalem, or Mecca go!
And lay thy off'ring at some holy shrine.

Be it an apple, bracelet, sigh, or tear,
No matter, each a tribute of thy love;
Angels will wait thy weary soul to cheer,
And waft thy incense to the throne above.

A CONTENTED MIND.

BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I seek not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys;
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of war,
I swoon not at the noise of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss I hope not gain;
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleas'd,
I see some tantals starv'd in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eas'd,
I see e'en Midas gape for more.
I neither want, nor yet abound;
Enough's a feast; content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
 I fawn not on the great in show;
 I prize, I praise a mean estate,
 Neither too lofty, nor too low;
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
 A mind content a conscience clear.

RESIGNATION—AN ELEGY.

WHERE the thick foliage forms a gloomy shade,
 'Midst unfrequented woods, and massy cells,
 Oppress'd with love, I court the Muse's aid,
 For there the Muse, with Contemplation, dwells.
 Sweet Solitude, thou nurse of fond desire,
 I'll live with thee, and through the lingering day
 To Emma's praise I'll string my warbling lyre,
 And chase the gloomy thoughts of care away.
 There, unmolested by the grov'ling throng,
 That hunt the mansions where the great reside,
 Unseen, unknow'n, thro' life I steal along,
 Far from the sons of luxury and pride.
 Tho' Fortune's smiles did ne'er my cot adorn,
 Tho' cares uncumber'd round my dwelling wait,
 Tho' strip'd of comfort in life's earliest morn,
 Unmov'd I feel the stern decrees of fate.
 Enough for me that when this life is past,
 To happier realms my soul shall joyful rise;
 And when the grave receives this form at last,
 Shall taste of bliss exalted in the skies.

EDWIN.

THE WISH:

From the LANDSCAPE, a Poem, by R. P. KNIGHT.

LET me, retir'd from business, toil and strife,
 Close, amidst books and solitude, my life;
 Beneath yon high brow'd rocks in thickets rove;
 Or, meditating wander through the grove;
 Or, from the cavern, view the moon-tide beam
 Dance on the rippling of the lucid stream,
 While the wild woodbine dangles o'er my head,
 And various flowers around their fragrance spread;
 Or where, 'midst scatter'd trees the op'ning glade
 Admits the well mixt tints of light and shade,
 And as the day's bright colour fade away,
 Just shews my devious solitary way;
 While thick'ning glooms around are slowly spread,
 And glimmering sunbeams gild the mountain's head;
 Then homeward, as I saunt'ring move along,
 The nightingale begins his evening song,
 Chaunting a requiem to departed light,
 That "sooths the raven down of fable night."

On leaving the COUNTRY early in the SPRING.

[From Miss Christall's Poetical Sketches]

WHILE joy re-animates the fields
And Spring her odorous treasures yields;
While love inspires the happy grove,
And music breaks from ev'ry spray;
I leave the sweet retreat I love,
Ere bloss'ning hawthorn greets the May;
Sad destiny! O! let me plaintive pour
O'er the unopen'd bud an unrefreshing shower.

To yonder hills, which bound the sight,
Where blushing eve dissolves in night,
To the wild heath, o'er which the gale
Bleak wafts each sweet perfume of Spring,
And to the weed-grown briary vale
Sorrowing the parting lay I sing;
"Sweet flowers of Spring, enlivening day,
Nature's unfolding charms fleet fast away."

At morn I've view'd the glimmering light
Break from the east, and chase the night;
Then stray'd amid the frosty dews
While soaring larks shrill chanting rise,
And mark'd the thousand varying hues
That streak the glowing morning skies.
"Sweet air of Spring, enlivening day,
Nature's unfolding charms fleet fast away."

No daisied lawns shall greet my eye,
Reluctant from their sweets I fly;
No more wild wandering o'er the plains,
I share each innocent delight;
The tinkling flocks, the woodland strains,
The rural dance no more invite.
Sad destiny! O! let me plaintive pour
O'er the unopen'd bud an unrefreshing shower.

Selected for the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

INSCRIPTION,

On a Mall at Cambridge.

SAY, noble Artist! by what power inspired,
Thy skilful hands such varied scenes compose?
At whose command the sluggish soil retired,
And from the marsh, this beauteous Mall arose.

The umbrageous walks, and vast improvements round
Are ne'er confined within the lofty wall;
The owner's soul, capricious as the ground,
Bids this arise, and kindly shelter all.

Ye nymphs and swains, who tread his hallow'd spot,
And gaily sport the moon-light eve away!
Ne'er pass this pale that fronts the marble grot,
But stop—and first a grateful tribute pay.

Nor

Nor heedless brush the margin's grassy pride,
 Whose tender herbage sips the gurgling stream ;
 Light-footed fairies guard the verdant side,
 And watch the turf by Cynthia's lucid beam.

LOUISA.

TO SENSIBILITY.

O H, sacred source of joy below,
 Thou fiend of life, thou nurse of woe ;
 Rich essence of the high wrought soul !
 Bless'd spark that animat'st the whole !
 That bid'st th'enlighten'd thought aspire,
 That lend'st to genius all its fire—
 Thy gifts ennoble and refine ;
 Aye : all the LIFE of LIFE is thine !
 Shall then conspicuous sorrow pour
 From willing eyes her ready show'r,
 At mimic woes by fashion dress'd,
 Because distress becomes her best,
 And the soft heroine appears
 "Most amiable, when dress'd in tears !"
 Within so cold, so vain a heart,
 Thy angel form can share no part ;
 Nor dwell'st thou in th'eternal quote
 Of hackney'd phrases conn'd by rote ;
 Or whining sentimental chat,
 How Sterne said this, Eliza that.
 Yorick ! indignant I behold
 Such spendthrifts of thy genuine gold !
 To see Le Fevre's hallow'd tear
 To vulgar eyes expos'd and bare !
 And every rhyming school-girl's verse
 Thy poor Maria's woes rehearse ;
 And panting for a fond renown,
 Call thy "recording angel" down ?
 Sick is my wearied soul to see
 Such proofs of sensibility ;
 Ye spirits, who delight to shew,
 And deeper dye the dress of woe !
 Go, range through pallid Mis'ry's cell :
 Go, where Disease and Anguish dwell ;
 Where Want extends her eager hands,
 Where unrepining Patience stands,
 And palsy'd Age by grief subdu'd
 In falt'ring accent craves for food,
 There fix thine eyes, there ask thy heart,
 If in these sorrows thou hast part ;
 These scenes full surely will reveal,
 If thou hast learn'd what wretches feel !
 If *then* escape the stealing sigh,

If

If the kind tear *then* dim thine eye ;
 If, more than all, thou weep'st to know
 So scant thy lot of wealth below,
 As barely leaves thee for thy share
 But little more than tears to spare ;
 Yet unresisting, still you give
 That ~~LITTLE MORE~~ that bids them live ;
 Deny'st thyself one joy to shed
 A comfort on thy brother's head,
 And all the while unheard thy sigh,
 Unseen the tear that dims thine eye ;
 If thy benevolence be known
 To misery and thy God alone ;
 Then answer'd is thy just appeal ;
 Yes ! thou hast learn'd what wretches feel !
 Yes ! yes ! will voices from on high,
 Of fainted sufferers, seem to cry :
 Yes ! when my mortal flesh was weak,
 When tears bedew'd my pallid cheek,
 And when my naked limbs were cold,
 When I was hungry, poor and old,
 You rais'd me from my bed of woe,
 You bade my tears no longer flow ;
 You did my naked body hide,
 Gave me what great ones had deny'd,
 The needful, long-untasted meal :
 Yes ! thou hast learn'd what wretches feel !

On the sudden death of a lovely
 C H I L D.

DEAR sparkling Gem ! fair dew-drop of a day !
 Sweet lovely flower, of momentary bloom !
 Just brighten'd into life t'emit one ray
 To glide thy passage to the lonely tomb.
 Vain is the wish that calls thee back again ;
 Vain is the wish—Heaven is thy natal shore ;
 There free from sorrow, free from every pain,
 The ills of life to thee are known no more.
 Go, lovely Babe, to yon bright regions go ;
 There peace, there love, there every virtue reigns ;
 Quick through thy exit from this world of woe,
 Full be thy bliss on you celestial plains.
 Soon the kind summons, to thy parents borne,
 Shall point their passage to thy cherub's seat ;
 Then to their arms restored whom now they mourn,
 That fond embrace shall make their bliss complete.

MYRA.
 MARRIAGES.

Marriages and Deaths, for June, 1796.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston.—Mr. James Trask to Miss Nancy Runey—Mr. Thomas Murray, to Miss Peggy Moreton—Capt Nathaniel Small, to Miss Margaret Goddard.

Hingham.—Capt. J. Jacobs, to Miss Hannah Cushing.

Salem.—Capt. James Crowninshield, to Miss Sally Gardner—Mr. E. S. Lang, to Miss Hannah Miller.

Philadelphia.—Mr. Edward Carnes, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca Pinkerton, of Philadelphia.

Newbury-Port.—Mr. S. A. Otis, mer. to Miss Coffin.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Portsmouth.—Mr. Samuel Brewster, to agreeable Miss Polly Ham.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS:

Boston.—Hon. AZOR ORNE, esq. eldest counsellor but one of this state—Mrs. Esther Heartwell, 30—Mrs Sarah Field—Mrs. Mary Butler, 81—Mr. James Minott, 47.

Charlestown.—Hon. Nathaniel Gorham, esq. 59.

Roxbury.—Mrs. Sarah Sumner, 79.

Billerica.—Mr. Jeremiah Bowers, 18, a student of Harvard University.

Ellington.—By suicide, in a fit of Lunacy, deacon John Hall, 53.

Salem.—Mr Ezra Burrill.

Stoughton.—Richard Gridley, esq. 85.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Portsmouth. Mr. John Hale, attorney at law, 34.

